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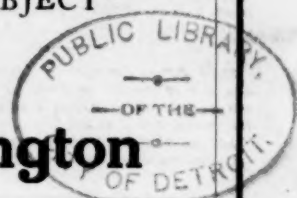
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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 483

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Financial Conditions and Treasury Action 486
Australian Protection and Ours 486
The Artist as Critic 487
McClintock and the Franklin Search.. 488

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Turgeneff and the Moderns 488
News for Bibliophiles 490

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Real E. A. Hoffmann 490
Simms on an Early Commercial Crisis 491
The Gift to Swarthmore 491

NOTES 491

BOOK REVIEWS:

Books for Children.—I. 495
Arethusa 496
The Heart of the West 496
In High Places 497
Lord Cammarleigh's Secret 497
The Mediator 497
The High and Puissant Princess Marguerite of Austria 497
The Idylls and the Ages.—Inquiries and Opinions.—Great Writers 498
The France of To-day 498
The Spirit of Old West Point 499

SCIENCE:

Experiments in Evolution 499

DRAMA:

The Ibsen Secret 500

MUSIC:

The Week at the Opera 501

ART:

On Art and Artists 502

FINANCE:

The Duration of Suspended Credit .. 503

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 504

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The Week.

"I don't think any man who has the welfare of the country at heart should criticise their [the President and the Secretary of the Treasury] action adversely." Thus spake Representative Mann of Illinois in Washington on Monday. A similar sentiment was expressed by Mr. Hull of Iowa: "I believe in holding up the hands of the Administration in times like these." The point of reference of both these gentlemen was the statement of Congressman Fowler, urging both legal and economic objections to the issue of \$150,000,000 interest-bearing obligations, at a time when the Treasury has a large surplus. No one has questioned the soundness of his argument. To denounce it as "inopportune" has been thought sufficient. His logic is not impugned, but his patriotism is doubted. But should an instructed and public-spirited man hold his peace when he sees the government making a serious mistake? It is said that in a time of depression like this, every effort made to relieve it, even if blundering, should be generally backed up, or at least that those who cannot approve it should keep silent. But is it or is it not patriotic to do one's best to make the Treasury operations both sound and helpful? This question answers itself. The result of the discussion has been distinctly wholesome. Secretary Cortelyou has discovered, though a little late, that the troubles with the currency are rapidly mending without his 3 per cent. certificates, and so he proposes to cut down their issue to the smallest possible limits. This again would be a complete justification of the fault-finding. Far from being "inopportune," it was especially timely. There cannot be two minds about the duty of the press to be calm and cautious in such a crisis. But this does not at all mean that it should abdicate its judgment. It is the part of a self-respecting newspaper, as truly as it is that of a conscientious public man, to utter freely what it believes to be the truth, even if it take the form of criticism of official measures. There are various kinds of hysteria to be opposed—the hysteria of unreasoning panic, and also the hysteria of demanding that every plan to stop the panic be hailed as divinely inspired. The latter may be as harmful as the former. The more confused and perilous the situation, the greater the need for those who have a firm grasp of both facts and principles, and who can see their way, to put their knowledge at the service of their fellows. The time

when banks are suspending cash payments is the poorest of all times for newspapers and economists and informed men in office to suspend the exercise of their reason.

Mr. Bryan has now come out with his plan to restore confidence and stop hoarding. It is simple, in both senses of the word. He would merely have the government guarantee the deposits in national banks. Then if everybody knew the funds were safe, nobody would want to draw them out. This leaves out, of course, private banks, State banks, and trust companies, but Mr. Bryan is confident that he could devise some way to guarantee their deposits, too. His proposals are undoubtedly excellent, as far as they go, but they do not reach the root of the trouble. The government guarantee really needed is one against business failure of any kind. Let an act of Congress be passed guaranteeing that every mining and manufacturing enterprise, every railroad company, every business venture, shall make at least 6 per cent. on the capital invested, and it is evident that doubt and depression would at once end. It is not often that we have to criticise Mr. Bryan for being over-conservative, but his plan for use of the government as guarantor is evidently too timid. While about it, let us make a clean sweep of it, guarantee everybody everything, and then confidence and well-being will be in widest commonality spread.

That was a happy phrase which the three hundred Alabama Democrats employed at Birmingham in their address to voters, urging that the next Democratic nomination should not "go by default to William J. Bryan." What proportion of enthusiasm and what proportion of mere resignation are mixed, we wonder, to produce that Bryan sentiment which Congressman Sulzer on his recent trip found so pervasive? At some times and in some parties a nomination by default may be thought a normal and healthy settlement. For the Democracy of 1908, such a result ought not to be even considered. To begin with, every week enhances the value of next year's Opposition nomination. Men who six months ago would have scouted the notion that the end of the Republican national control was in sight, talk calmly now of the possibility of a Democratic successor to Mr. Roosevelt. That very fact makes it doubly important that if Mr. Bryan is to be nominated for a third time, it be only on the most convincing demonstration that he is the first choice of Democrats. This is a time for inviting the most critical and

searching comparison between Bryan and the other "possibilities." Not in a long time have the conditions been so propitious for winning votes from the other side; but this does not mean that such votes will come over automatically. The most fanatical devotion of the thick-and-thin Democrats cannot prevent defeat unless their candidate can also make inroads into the enemy's country. The South, as the Nashville *American* puts it, is "the custodian of the Democratic party." We are glad, therefore, to see that Southerners are beginning to take the lead in the serious consideration of other candidates than Mr. Bryan.

The speeches at Faneuil Hall Monday night demonstrated once more how many different lines of reasoning lead naturally to the conclusion that we should withdraw from the Philippines. "If we didn't have in our keeping the sovereignty of the Philippines," said Congressman Slayden of Texas, "there would be no more danger of trouble between the United States and Japan than there is of an armed conflict between this country and the Swiss Republic." "My own conviction," said Judge Blount, after six years in the islands, "is that, if we are going to colonize at all, we should do so with the brutal honesty of the British; that at present we are throwing away all the previous experience of mankind." "Independence," said Congressman McCall of Massachusetts, "is beyond question the almost unanimous desire of the people of the Philippine Islands. It has been expressed in a national poetry which this country would find it difficult to match. . . . Neutralization will be a step toward the solution of the question, in accordance with our own interests and those of the Philippines, and in the interests, too, of the peace of the world." In the neutralization plan, for which all these men spoke, the anti-Imperialists offer not mere opposition to accomplished work, but a constructive policy based on successful historical precedent. This is the ninth year of American occupation. Since our flag went up there has hardly been an important event affecting the Philippine question, either here or there, that has not strengthened the case for independence. The Imperialist at home has changed from a Jingo to an apologist; while in the Islands many of the successes of administration go to prove the capacity of the natives for working out their own destiny. Originally a very unpopular cause, anti-Imperialism has, within a remarkably short period, been strikingly vindicated.

It is a remarkable circumstance that

the only militant civil-service reformer who ever sat in the Presidential chair has disposed of offices in more variegated ways and for more variegated reasons than any of his predecessors. On Monday he made the two South Dakota Senators draw cuts for seventeen Federal appointments—land agents, Indian agents, marshal, and bank examiner. His last previous plan for settling such an obstinate squabble about patronage, we may recall, was to set the Iowa delegation in the House of Representatives balloting on the question of a Federal judgeship, and while they were thus engaged, appoint the man he personally preferred. The great principle that the President should not be compelled to decide questions of fitness is making excellent headway. A similar doctrine has likewise been applied with much success in the matter of removals. Thus we had the chief and his assistant removed from the Ellis Island immigrant station on the ground that they could not get along together. Similarly, the colored battalion had to be discharged dishonorably because the task of finding out which members were innocent and which, if any, were guilty was quite beyond the government's powers.

Ex-Senator Spooner's speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in this city last Thursday night was a protest against unsettling theories of Constitutional interpretation, against rash action by Legislatures, not looking before they leap, and against ill-considered attempts to put the business of the country in a strait jacket, to be loosened or tightened at the whim of somebody temporarily in power at Washington. It is, however, not so much the substance of Mr. Spooner's deliverance, as the fact that he made it at all, which seems to us noteworthy. He appears to be enjoying a new liberty—a liberty which he purchased at the great price of resigning from the Senate. As a Senator, he too often bore himself as a man that was fettered; bound by party obligations. We do not forget that Senator Spooner sometimes displayed independence. He voted against Hawaiian annexation. He opposed the ship-subsidy bill. Even when he felt compelled to support the President, he expressed dissent in details. Thus he clearly intimated his opinion that Mr. Roosevelt's celebrated "fifty-mile" order at Panama was wholly illegal. And in defending the President's action in the matter of the dismissal of the colored troops, he stated that a part of the Roosevelt ruling was absolutely unwarranted by law, and must be rescinded—as it was. But these were the exceptions. In general, Mr. Spooner had almost the official position of defender of his party and of the President. If active members were free to give their unbiassed opinions, it would

do much to heighten public respect for the upper house. The shackles of party have long had a cramping influence upon the Senate. Whenever it is temporarily freed from them, its latent powers, and its inherent usefulness to the country, at once appear. There was such a period during the first years of Mr. Cleveland's first Presidency. The majority of the Senate was then Republican. The result was that the measures of the Administration were subjected to a searching criticism which was valuable, even when it was partisan in motive. With men like Edmunds and Spooner and Hoar to seek out the joints in the President's harness, and with a Senate that could not be whipped into line by party, nor coerced by Presidential patronage, public measures got a wholesome discussion. We will just add that the prospect of a recurrence of such conditions would reconcile many to the election of a Democratic President next year. The Senate would be politically hostile to him, probably for his entire term. This would make it impossible for foolish laws to be rashly passed, and it would also restore the Senate to the function of independent criticism.

Conscription as a possible remedy for the steady depletion of our army ranks is suggested in the annual report of Adjut. Gen. Ainsworth to the Secretary of War. We are not greatly alarmed by this sudden spectre of compulsory service. We take it only as an indication of the habit that is growing in Washington of announcing heroic remedies for temporary ills. It is as if the head of a household whose cook threatens to leave were advised either to divorce his wife and go live at a hotel, or else raise Bridget's wages three dollars a month. Why not increase the soldier's pay, if the competition in the labor market is such as to make enlistment at the present rate of remuneration impossible? That the recruiting officer must compete against the employer of labor, is generally recognized; the fact receives confirmation at the present moment, when temporary business depression is reported to have led to an increase of 100 per cent. in the number of applicants at the Philadelphia naval recruiting station. If the stand-patter has made wages high for the American workman, why should he refuse the same blessing to the man in the army? A prosperous country can afford to be generous to its defenders. Protection, so its defenders assert, hath given in the form of increased wages. Why may it not take in the form of increased taxation?

That the outward bound steerage traffic, in spite of an increase in rates, is 60 per cent. larger this year than is

normal for this season, is one symptom of present industrial conditions in this country. But it has an equally important bearing on the larger problem of our immigration. That these foreign-born workmen are so little assimilated that they quit the country the moment it ceases to pay them to remain, may be the restrictionist's interpretation of the present exodus. Yet it is an answer at the same time to the charge that the foreigners keep on coming to our shores whether there is work for them or not. Their readiness to recross the ocean is one more illustration of the immigrant's understanding of the labor market. It is something to the credit of his intelligence and foresight that he will seek work in his native country rather than run the risk of dependence here. The point is that, if we concede him those qualities when he leaves our shores, we cannot deny them to him when he comes. The advocates of the further restriction of immigration will doubtless renew their efforts at the coming session of Congress; but in the present demonstration of the workings of natural and automatic checks on the supply of alien labor, we have an argument for legislators to consider seriously.

There are many analogies, practical rather than legal, between the relationship of the State to the nation and that of the city or village to the State. As the issue of centralization in national affairs has suddenly assumed new importance, it is an opportune time to examine the growth of centralization in the States themselves. Gov. Hughes, urging before the Civic Forum the great importance of full responsibility and accountability for local officials, touched on some of the same lines as Secretary Root, who in his much-discussed speech of last December pointed out that the full and competent exercise of their powers by the States is their surest defence against Federal encroachment. One obvious distinction, however, is the comparative helplessness of the cities and lesser divisions in their claims to distinct powers and duties. Jealous enough of their own rights as against the Federal authority, the States have been very arbitrary in giving and taking away the rights of the separate communities within their borders. A general impression that our larger political units are more efficient than our smaller has probably strengthened the centralizing tendencies. "Our city governments are less competent than our State governments," the "practical" citizen often says, "while our State governments in their turn are less competent than the national government. What harm, then, if, when a particular job needs to be done well, we turn it over to the officials who have the best records." But while the transfer of a particular function from the State to the Federal

government encounters many legal and sentimental difficulties, a similar transfer from the city to the State has often been perfectly easy, often accomplished by a boss's nod. So we have had State laws without number in reference to purely local affairs, State officials with purely local functions, and a generally paternalistic attitude on the part of our State governments. Before the local communities can rise to that new efficiency which those who think with Gov. Hughes desire for them, the States must do their part by striking off the fetters of needless and hampering legislation. An encouraging tendency in this direction has already set in. State constabulary bills do not appear with their old-time regularity in the Legislatures. Better still, the cities, in the West especially, are gradually gaining the right to make and amend their own charters, as the States do their Constitutions. The adoption of that policy generally means a long step towards that real local autonomy which is on so many accounts to be desired.

A new electoral law for Cuba is announced as ready for promulgation. The present intention is to hold municipal elections next spring, and the Presidential election in the following December. Yet a tone of hesitancy, suggestive of discouragement, characterizes the attitude of the Administration towards Cuba. This proceeds, it seems to us, from the failure to recognize the limitations under which this country's problem in Cuba must be worked out. That the government of the island, when surrendered to the natives, will not be up to the standard of efficiency set up by the present American administrators, is probable. That party spirit will once more grow ebullient, that parliamentarism in the sense in which English-speaking communities understand the term, will not develop in a day, is equally probable. But is it not just as well to recognize at the beginning that a Latin-American republic cannot be remade in conformity with our conception of an ideal republican government, and that to the Latin-American mind the political virtues and vices are not ranked exactly as with us. It is the duty of the American officials in Cuba—a duty which they have been faithfully fulfilling—to set the machinery of the republic in motion again, with all possible precautions against misuse by the less capable hands to which it is entrusted.

Count Okuma, leader of the Japanese Progressives, is the *enfant terrible* of the Mikado's household. No Japanese bosom can cherish in secret an ambition or a vague resentment without Okuma's blabbing at the international dinner table. Only a few months ago the Count was

furiously berating Uncle Sam, Japan's first Western friend. The other day he made England furious by remarking that Japan would be failing in her duty to herself if she did not come to the aid of India's oppressed millions who were calling for help against European oppression. It follows, on the other hand, that, if Count Okuma, as the unofficial barometer of domestic conditions, has pleasant things to say about anybody, Japan as a whole must be feeling in amiable mood. When the Japanese government declares that Japan, as a peace-loving nation, is ready to restrict emigration among its subjects rather than endanger its pacific relations with the United States and Canada, the skeptic and the jingo may continue to cherish doubts. But when even Count Okuma states that, in his opinion, the Japanese government "should assist America at a time when prejudice as well as political and economic conditions rendered the emigration of Japanese to that country inexpedient," the chances of our picking a war over the immigration question become very slim indeed.

In connection with the entire subject of Asiatic emigration, something crops up in the news, now and then, of the field for Japanese settlement that is to be found in Mexico and South America. A correspondent of the *Paris Journal des Débats*, writing from Rio de Janeiro, speaks of "the decision of the State government of Rio, arrived at a few days ago, to distribute lands among Japanese immigrants." He then proceeds to point out that such action is in conformity with the new colonization policy that is being carried on by the States with the aid of the Federal government. Immigration has always been encouraged, but until recently the main object was to secure an adequate supply of labor for the great plantations. Of settlement, in a real sense, there was little; there were, rather, huge encampments of foreign agriculturists who migrated from hacienda to hacienda, according to the fluctuations of the labor market, which, in turn, was subjected to great variations of over- and under-supply. The immigration law of 1907 provides for a continuance of government aid to immigrants, but only to those who are ready to take up government land in some settlement. The colony system is intended to supplement the plantation. The purpose is nothing less than to create a rural middle class between the field laborers and the owners of haciendas.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's illness makes the reconstruction of the British Cabinet a near possibility. Should the veteran Liberal leader decide to lay down the burden, the party would not be without able chiefs, but

it is doubtful whether any other member of the Cabinet could equal the present Prime Minister in ability to hold the unwieldy Liberal majority together. The name that first suggests itself is that of John Morley, whose personal prestige is undoubtedly greater than that of any other member of the Cabinet. As Secretary of State for India Mr. Morley has pursued a course which has commended itself to the large mass of the British people. Mr. Morley, however, is sixty-nine, only a year younger than Campbell-Bannerman himself, and he might not care to assume leadership of the House at the beginning of what promises to be an exciting campaign against the Lords. That as Prime Minister he would be able also to retain his present post is improbable. That very fact, however, might be an inducement towards accepting the higher honor; for, although Mr. Morley, as we have said, has taken a conservative view of his responsibilities as head of the India Office, the old radical and home-ruler would possibly like to be relieved of the task of dealing with conditions in India, which call for the strong hand. Augustine Birrell, though prominent, has the record of unsuccess—the Lords threw out his Education Bill in 1906 and the Irish Nationalists rejected his Irish Council Bill only a few months ago.

This year's Nobel prize for idealism in literature is, according to a preliminary report from Stockholm, to go to Rudyard Kipling. As this is the first time, since the beginning of the Nobel fund distribution in 1901, that the prize has been conferred on an Englishman, we take it that, in the opinion of contemporary Europe, Mr. Kipling holds the first place among English writers of the day. At first thought it seems somewhat anomalous that a reward for distinction in literary idealism should go to the man who more than any other in the Anglo-Saxon world has preached the gospel of force and of the material, whose muse has sung the mowing down of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's howling squadrons by British artillery and hymned the action of the steam engine. In point of fact, however, absolute idealism has not been consistently demanded by the Swedish body in whom the right to confer the Nobel literary prize is vested; for, while such previous recipients as Sully-Prudhomme or Mistral would obviously come under the founder's provision, it is only by a stretching of the term that "idealistic" correctly summarizes the work of a Mommsen or a Sienkiewicz. There is, of course, this further argument open to the devotees of Kipling, that beneath the surface brutality of his style and his theme is to be found an almost unequalled glorification of directed labor, and of the spirit of service for the common weal. This is idealism in a strict sense.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS AND
TREASURY ACTION.

All experienced financiers admit that the change for the better in the general position of our banks has now made such progress that resumption of full cash payments by depository institutions is in sight. Conferences between the bankers of New York and Chicago have been in progress, with a view to concerted lifting of the embargo on the movement of currency, and the clearing houses of other cities are asked to co-operate. This presumably indicates that the means of returning to normal conditions are assured. The chief cause of delay at present is the necessity of simultaneous action in all the larger cities where there has been partial suspension of payments. It is always possible, at such a juncture that some one untoward event may impede the process of recuperation; but in general affairs are improving.

For this happy change there are two obvious causes. One is the receipt of enormous quantities of foreign gold; \$60,000,000 has arrived since November 5, and \$25,000,000 more is on the way. All of this great sum is being rapidly distributed into depleted bank reserves throughout the country. The other cause is return of hoarded money to the banks—partly in response to the currency premium, and partly because of the subsiding of panic. These two processes of relief were actively at work ten days ago, before the Treasury's announcement; and, in our judgment, their influence has in no respect been helped by the government measures.

On this point we may cite the testimony of Charles N. Fowler, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House, a member of the Administration party, and a competent and impartial critic. He said in his widely published statement of last Sunday:

On Friday, November 15 [two days before the Treasury circular was issued], the crisis of the present currency panic had been reached and successfully passed, through the splendid achievements of the American bankers.

With this utterance we are in entire accord. Through precisely the same means, in precisely the same lapse of time, and without any intervention by the government, the similar crisis of 1893 was successfully surmounted—a fact to which both the Administration and the bewildered London financiers seem to have been extraordinarily blind. The halt in the rapid depletion of New York bank reserves, first noticed in the bank statement of November 16, and the sharp fall in the currency premium at the end of last week, were evidence of recovery.

We are now more than a week away from the official announcement of the Administration's intervention. During this period certain things have been made absolutely clear. The first is that

the Treasury plan was ill-digested. Nobody seemed to know just what was intended. Contradictory interpretations were put upon Secretary Cortelyou's circular. Great as was the resulting confusion in banking circles of this country, it was even greater abroad. Foreign financial authorities were all at sea. Some of them thought the issue of certificates of indebtedness was simply that of incontrovertible currency. Others failed to see that the new certificates could not possibly be used as bank reserves. Both London and Paris were in doubt about the crucial features of the project. This uncertainty alone would be a strong condemnation of the scheme. If the Treasury were to do anything at all, its action should have been so clear and precise that everybody could understand it. It is no defence of Secretary Cortelyou to say that there was a general demand that the Treasury "do something." If the head of the Treasury does not know what to do, or how to make his course even intelligible to those most directly affected, the wisest way is to do nothing.

There are, moreover, political as well as financial relations of the whole matter to be considered. It is plain that the Administration did not consult financial authorities in Congress. Chairman Fowler's severe condemnation of the Treasury measures carries great weight. Another Republican member of the same Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Prince of Illinois, had already indicated his disapproval. Washington dispatches tell of the sensation caused by Mr. Fowler's statement, and represent Democratic Congressmen as eager to attack the Administration for its blundering. The whole affair is certain to be a great blow to Republican prestige in financial management. "Fit to Rule" was the title of Secretary Root's panegyric of the Republican party, in his speech of 1904. The present display of fumbling and ignorance comes as a bitter comment upon that laudation. Suppose a Democratic President had put forth a scheme for currency relief which the best banking opinion condemned, and which the expert chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee declared to be of doubtful legality and of unmistakable folly—would not the Republican orators and newspapers have rung the changes on Democratic incapacity?

It is no time, however, for partisan recrimination. The thing for all of us to do, on the political side, is to prepare for the campaign for currency reform. It has long been said that not until some financial disaster befell could Congress be got to do anything to give the country a currency fit for general use and also for emergencies. Well, that disturbance has now come; the surgical operation needed to get ideas into certain heads has been performed. What should now be done is to press

forward rational and practicable plans for making the currency of the country sounder and more flexible. This is a political side of the question, for it will take a great deal of campaigning and debating to get anything effective done. We need public men who will go before the people as Garfield did in the green-back craze of 1873-75, and be able to say, as he did: "I believe I have thought this thing through." With competent leadership of that kind, the present troubles may be the occasion of our coming out into a stronger and safer financial position than ever before.

AUSTRALIAN PROTECTION AND
OURS.

Australia, the great political experiment station of the modern world, now purposes to show what can be done with the principle of protection carried to its logical extreme. That commonwealth, as we noted in our issue of October 24, has seized upon Chamberlain's idea of preferential tariffs, but the preference for English goods is a mere sham. The tariff is so high that when a reduction is made for products of the mother country, Australian manufacturers are still well fortified against competition. This is all very well for the manufacturer, but the Australian government, unlike our own, has now set itself to protect also the laborer and the consumer.

First, of course, comes the laborer. Sir William Lyne, Treasurer and acting Prime Minister, has laid before the Australian House of Representatives the following plan: An excise duty at the rate of half the tariff-duty on imported goods is to be imposed on all Australian manufactures; but this excise duty will be remitted in the case of all goods which are produced under "fair and reasonable" conditions of labor. The difficulty, of course, is to determine what conditions are fair and reasonable; but the Commonwealth has already taken a step in that direction by setting up a standard, conformity to which entitles a manufacturer to place upon his goods the government trade-mark. But since the old machinery is inadequate to the new requirements, Sir William would have a Board of Excise appointed by the Governor-General. This body would consist of three members, presided over by a barrister or solicitor. On its decision would rest the commercial life or death of every manufacturer—the question whether he is to carry on his enterprise or be taxed out of existence. Our advocates of a high tariff advance the argument that it raises the wages of labor; but the Australian workman is apparently not to be deceived by that sophistry. He insists that he is to have his share of the plunder, and have it at once and without hocus-pocus. Through the Board of Excise he can take the manufacturer by the throat and extort

wages, hours, and workshop rules to suit himself. Like it or not, the employer will have no practical power to resist. But the arrangement is, we think, more equitable than our own; for here the protected manufacturer has everybody else by the throat. In Australia he has a taste of the same treatment.

What particularly pleases us, however, is the provision for the consumer, whom our tariff makes not even a pretence of considering. The American laborer is told that the tariff fills his dinner-pail, but the wretched American consumer knows that for him the tariff empties pockets and fills nothing. Let him move to Australia, where he may secure redress through appeal to the Board of Excise. That bench of judges and dividers is not only to keep its eye on wages, hours, and the like: it is to report to Parliament on the state of trade, and particularly on combinations formed for the purpose of raising prices. The board may recommend to Parliament that a duty be lowered or abolished whenever the price of an article seems too high. That the recommendations may be made intelligently and with full knowledge of the facts, the inspectors of the board are to have access at all times to the books of all companies. All this recalls the sentence in Howell's "Familiar Letters" in which he describes Lucca: "She hath a Council called the Discoll, which pries into the Profession and Life of every one." If the Australian board does its duty without fear or favor, the consumer can have his turn at the throats of employer and employee, and thus complete a system of industrial throttling.

The beautiful symmetry of this plan must appeal powerfully to any man of logical mind. He is bound to argue that if the government may suspend the operation of an economic law in order to enrich the manufacturer, it should do the same thing for the laborer and the consumer. But a logical application of his theory is the last thing which the protectionist wants. If the Australian Board of Excise is created, and if it does what is expected of it, the Commonwealth will be practically where it was at the beginning. Everybody will have profited at the expense of everybody else, and nobody will be any better off. That, obviously, is not the aim of protectionists. The essence of their scheme is that they shall profit at the expense of everybody else, while everybody else has no chance to retaliate. Our own protected manufacturers would not be insane enough to foot the campaign bills of the Republican party and to pay good money for the Dingley schedules if the Republicans were to allow the workman and the consumer to take a hand in the game. That would be too much of a good thing. Your political highwayman is well aware that taking purses will cease to be lucrative

as soon as the whole world adopts that calling and sallies forth upon the Great North Road. For this reason, we are haunted by the fear that Sir William Lyne's proposal may fall of final adoption—we say "fear," because we should like to lay before our American workmen and consumers an object-lesson, to show them just what they are entitled to under protection, if they had enough intelligence and courage to stand up for their own rights.

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC.

Kenyon Cox, in the preface of "Painters and Sculptors," the second series of his collected essays, raises the familiar topic of the artist as critic. His contribution comes very much to this—that the artist perforce must have opinions better worth while, from the mere fact of being a practitioner of the art he discusses, but that he will almost inevitably suffer from lack of literary skill, hence of carrying power. We are to suppose an innumerable host of artists who are admirable critics *in petto*, but inarticulate, lacking the time and opportunity to master an alien art.

When Mr. Cox speaks of lay criticism, he means presumably that of competent persons, and not the casual outgivings of half-trained writers in the daily press. He measures, that is, to take recent examples, the writings of W. C. Brownell or Gustave Geffroy against those, say, of R. A. M. Stevenson and Fromentin. Carrying such a comparison through the whole range of serious writing on art, the advantage unquestionably lies with the artists. No one can deny that the memoirs of painters, for example, are our most valuable documents for the judgment of painting. From Leonardo, through Vasari, Reynolds, Constable, Delacroix, Millet, Carrière, Segantini, and our own John La Farge, we have from artists an enormous and precious mass of opinions about their art. Professional criticism can make no such showing.

Yet a summary verdict against the defendant would be premature, for the reason that lay criticism is in its adolescence. Indeed, only in very recent times has criticism had its necessary basis in an accurate history of the art of the past. And this brings us to the significant fact that in the new connoisseurship artists have had a very small part. The ungrateful but certainly indispensable drudgery of determining what a given artist under consideration actually painted or modelled has been conducted almost exclusively by laymen. We hasten to say that this is not criticism at all, but merely the ascertainment of its materials. Yet it is at least remarkable that artist-critics have not only been averse to this humble pursuit, but also suspicious of its more certain results, and in general

prone to express opinions as if it didn't really matter whether a picture under discussion were by one artist or another. Such an attitude is an almost inevitable result of the artist's confidence in his own instincts and of his lack of minute scholarship.

We concede readily that criticism lies in a region of appreciation where minute scholarship is not of the first importance. On the other hand, one must distrust any criticism that is not sure of its data, and we may suppose that the criticism of the future will be more systematic than the *dissecta membra* which constitute the interpretation of art by its past practitioners. In other words, there seems to be more hope that connoisseurship may rise to criticism, as its lesser task is accomplished, than that we shall always depend upon the casual excursions of artists in an art which is not theirs.

The real weakness of the artist as critic lies in the fact that the arduous practice of his craft must restrict his opportunities for wide observation. A real critic who would devote a third of the time to galleries that is given by the average connoisseur would gain an equipment with which no active artist could possibly hope to vie. The artist, in short, may speak from perfect insight, but, unless he be an *artiste manqué* (and these the malicious say make the best critics), from imperfect knowledge, whereas the professional critic has every opportunity, not only for immediate observation, but also for the study of the writings of artists and for present and valuable association with the best practitioners of his time.

We do not believe that the artist-critic will ever be superseded. There will always be painters who indulge a curiosity about the theory of their art and have something worth saying on the subject. But we feel that the alleged rivalry between the two sorts of critics rests at bottom upon a pure misconception. Mr. La Farge has somewhere marvelled that critics so seldom write anything worth an artist's reading. What an unfair demand to make of a critic! As regards the artist, the critic necessarily deals either in banalities or in startling inferences, which may, however, be just the kind of interpretation which his real public needs. In short, the professional critic addresses the general public, the artist usually his own craft. Thus they are allies, not rivals. And if the opinions of artists on art have become more or less the common property of the cultivated, the merit accrues largely to professional criticism.

The sum of the whole matter seems to be that the critic should stand upon the sure ground that he, too, is an artist—an artist in letters; congratulating himself that his material is not unsorted nature, but its beautiful interpretation in another art, and accepting

gladly as a potent source of suggestion all expressions of artists about their own art. Such a critic will be free from the crude notion that he is a preceptor to artists. Towards the public his responsibility will lie, and his judges will be found, not among artists, but among the cultured, that is to say the competent minority of that public.

M'CLINTOCK AND THE FRANKLIN SEARCH.

The death last week of Sir Francis Leopold McClintock at the age of eighty-eight removes the last but one of the famous Arctic explorers of the first half of the nineteenth century. From 1840 on there raged in England a veritable fever for Arctic discovery. It was not only the North Pole which lured, but also the centuries-old quest of the north-west passage. When Sir John Franklin returned to England in 1844, after seven years as lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land, he found the Admiralty lent on a naval expedition through the polar seas to the north of the American continent. At once Sir John applied for the command as the senior officer of Arctic experience. But his age made the Admiralty hesitate. The First Lord remarked to Franklin that he was sixty years of age. "No, no, my lord," was the reply, "only fifty-nine." The First Lord yielded, and Franklin's fate was settled. With the *Erebus* and *Terror* he sailed for the ice-pack on May 18, 1845.

By 1847 the absence of any news led to the first relief expedition. So general was the belief in a disaster that the next year no less than five other vessels sailed for the Arctic. Three more expeditions followed in 1849, ten in 1850, two in 1851, nine in 1852, five in 1853, two in 1854, one in 1855; and, finally, that of the *Fox* in 1857. Never before or since has there been such a rush to the Arctic; even in America the tragedy so stirred the public that Dr. Kane made his venture in the hope of disclosing its details. Not until 1850 were any traces of Franklin and his large crews discovered, and then only vast stocks of preserved-meat canisters whose putrid contents Franklin had had to destroy, thus fatally diminishing the three years' supply of food which the *Erebus* and *Terror* were supposed to have on board. Four years later, in 1854, Dr. Rae, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard from the Eskimos of the deaths of many white men near Back's Great Fish River, and purchased from them numerous small articles, silver spoons, etc., and a silver plate engraved with Sir John Franklin's name. But it was not until 1859, fourteen years after the departure of Franklin's two ships, that Sir Leopold McClintock uncovered the whole story of the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror* and their crews.

McClintock served in 1848 as second

lieutenant of Sir James Clarke Ross's unsuccessful relief expedition in the *Enterprise*, and then in 1850 joined that of Capt. Austin. From 1852 to 1854 he was again in the Arctic regions on one of a fleet of five relief ships, gaining thereby the experience in sledge work which led Lady Franklin to select him for the command of the *Fox*, the yacht fitted out in 1857 and destined to bring back not only many relics of the expedition, but a fairly connected narrative of its fate. The *Fox* was, for its time, a powerful screw steamer. No sooner was it in winter quarters than McClintock, Lieut. Hobson, and a volunteer merchant sailor, who, as Sir Allen Young, is alive to-day to mourn the death of his companion of fifty years ago, set out in their search. McClintock purchased a dog-team, the full value of which he was perhaps the first explorer to appreciate, just as he was the first to make long journeys by this means of locomotion. Soon he met Eskimos who could give him information of the Franklin party. After a long and vain search along the southern coast of King William's Land, he finally found, on returning towards his vessel, the place where one of Franklin's ships had sunk and where the other had gone to pieces on the beach. Not until early in 1859, however, did McClintock light upon distinct traces of the dead explorers—the skeleton of one of the sailors. Five days later he stumbled upon a boat mounted on a sledge, and containing, besides two bodies, a miscellaneous assortment of articles, but no food.

From that time on discoveries were frequent, until Lieut. Hobson came upon the cairn enclosing the only written record of the Franklin expedition. From this it appeared that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, and that eight other officers and fifteen men had died before the date of the report, April 25, 1848. On the next day the remaining 105 officers and men set out on foot for Back's Fish River with almost no food and without hope of obtaining any. All perished miserably, some on King William's Land, some on the mainland by Great Fish River, and others, as an Eskimo woman told McClintock, "falling down and dying as they walked." The record was enough to entitle Sir John Franklin to the title of discoverer of the Northwest Passage, and this designation is on his statue in London. The details of his journey McClintock published, as we noted last week, under the title of "The Fate of Sir John Franklin." He was received with great enthusiasm on his return to England, and honored by three universities and many learned societies, not only because of his success in finding the Franklin records, but because of his own ability, intrepidity, and endurance.

In his long life McClintock lived to see many changes in methods of Arctic ex-

ploration, and a wonderful increase in the world's knowledge about that frozen portion of the globe in which he spent so many years. His feelings on receipt of the news that Capt. Amundsen, in the *Gjøa*, a mere cockle-shell in comparison with the *Erebus*, *Terror*, or even the *Fox*, actually navigated the Northwest Passage in 1905-06, may easily be imagined. The Franklin expedition was almost the last in which large crews participated. Since then the numbers of an expedition have steadily decreased, until now a mere handful of whites is sufficient crew for a Roosevelt or a *Fram*. Just as McClintock learned to use the dog-sledge for long journeys of hundreds of miles, so the explorer of to-day stakes everything on the dogs; and the fashion he set of relying on the natives has likewise come to stay. McClintock witnessed, moreover, the experiments with an entirely new conveyance—the airship. No new McClintock has as yet discovered the fate of Andree, and no explorer of the old captain's experience is yet on record as believing in Wellman's plan of a dirigible balloon.

TURGENIEFF AND THE MODERNS.*

To turn from the hectic literature of present-day Russia to the sober pages of Turgenieff is not merely a relief, but a valuable exercise in the just appreciation of values. Between the death of Turgenieff and the appearance of Gorky less than ten years elapsed; but we cannot bring the two men into juxtaposition without being seized immediately with a sense of the vast distance Russian literature has travelled in the interval. It is easy enough to draw up an array of reasons why striking differences should be found. Turgenieff, though he continued to write well into the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was essentially an adherent of the school of liberal thought which we associate with the year 1848 on the Continent; Gorky is in advance even of his own age. Turgenieff was a nobleman, and he studied the Russian peasant and petty burgher from a detached though sympathetic point of view; Gorky professes to be of the submerged classes from among whom he has drawn his most popular literary material. Turgenieff wrote in times of comparative social and political peace; Gorky is the preacher and leader of active social and political revolution. In Turgenieff the Slav nature was strongly impregnated with the culture and tastes of the West; Gorky speaks no language but his own and is decidedly not in touch with Occidental standards, or prejudices, as we may choose to call them. Turgenieff, in consequence, employs the calm accents of the man of good breeding, while Gorky exemplifies proletarian lack of self-restraint. And so we might continue to multiply distinctions. It is safer on the whole to dispense with all attempts at causal analysis and simply to state the puzzling nature of the problem. Here are two men who bring to bear on the same subject, Russia, presum-

*The Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgenieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. 14 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 each.

ably the same artistic method—a thorough realism capable of reproducing both the truth of the photograph and the truth of high intuition; yet the ultimate impression is far from being the same in both and we are confronted with the question, Which of the two has erred less in the application of his method, which, in other words, is the better "realist" of the two?

The temptation to decide at once in favor of the younger man is natural. We have called both men thorough; but if thoroughness is to mean ruthlessness of vision and statement, Gorky and the newer writers who follow his footsteps can easily establish their claims to the mastery. These moderns have investigated everything—race, the individual, country, home, sex, belief, superstition, disease—with self-immolating cruelty. They have taken nothing for granted, because nothing is too sacred, or too certain, or too unimportant to be tested and recorded. They have had on their side the wider freedom of utterance of which we are growing increasingly tolerant, and they have not been bound by literary canons of any kind. If they have felt the desire to preach they have done so in violation of the current belief that realism must not be didactic, as Gorky has preached in "The Abyss," "The Vacationists," and his latest work, "Mother," recently published in this country. If they have wanted to indite psychopathic analyses scores of pages long, they have not hesitated before certain requirements of formal rhetoric dealing with rapidity of movement, as Andreef has done in his tremendous study of inherited evil, "The Life of Vassili Fivyski." They have put forth dramas in which nothing essentially dramatic occurs, like Gorky in "The Children of the Sun"; and created characters in the image of the authors that made them, like Chirikhoff in "The Jews." Why, then, should not the artist who has emancipated himself from the restrictions imposed by tradition upon the practice of his craft succeed in getting by so much the nearer to the essence of reality? Contemporary Russian taste is precisely of this opinion. It will have nothing but the extremest literary diet, on the supposition that this is also the most natural. War with its reek of mangled limbs, eviscerations, and blood madness; the pogrom with its inevitable slaughter of infants and free play of lust; the hospital, the morgue, and the insane asylum are the favorite topics of the day. Indeed, Gorky himself has been out of favor for some time because of his comparative moderation. Leonid Andreef, who surpasses him in his predilection for the horrible, was the favorite author two years ago, after the appearance of "Red Laughter," a picture of Russo-Japanese battle trenches. Andreef's supremacy is now said to be threatened by a certain Erastoff whose gift for the soul-racking in the same field is still more pronounced. Next year it is pretty sure to be a new man who will have blazoned his name across the Russian page in scarlet and fiercest black.

Compared with these men of the Extreme Left in Russian literature, Turgenieff cannot appear at first sight as other than a mild and apologetic *bourgeois* of the Constitutional Centre, if not indeed of the Moderate Right. Turgenieff prefers to remain within the proper limits of the particular

literary form he selects. He is genteelly decent in speech and obsequious to old conventions on such subjects as romantic love, sacrifice, the validity of the religious instinct, the merit of humility, the gradual advance of human history; he has his doubts as to the efficacy of revolution. On the other hand, with regard to these very traditions which he accepted as of account in the exercise of his profession, he was, personally, a skeptic; and if literature and life are to be made identical, must not literature be the creation of some one who believes strongly, whatever be the object of his belief? Not reactionary enough to possess the mystic vision, not radical enough to make use of the modern methods of unrestrained artistic investigation, how shall Turgenieff claim to have seen life as closely as Gorky has seen it in his "Abyss" or Andreef in his "Once Upon a Time" and "Red Laughter?"

This is a *priori* reasoning. The plain fact is, however, that in practice Turgenieff's work seldom fails to ring completely true, while that of our contemporary Russian writers seldom succeeds. And if the difference may be accounted for in a single sentence, we may explain it as arising from the circumstance that throughout the elder man's work runs the sense of life striving towards law and health, whereas in Gorky and his companions the dominant note is one of chaos and disease. That the one formula is nearer the truth than the other is ultimately, of course, a matter of faith; but it is a faith so widely held as to include among its votaries even our revolutionary authors. That law and health should be the order of life, but are not, is what Gorky and his kind assert; and all the violence of their pitiless realism is directed towards the reconstruction of life on these ideal principles. In Andreef's "Savva," for example, we are introduced to the young Russian who has become convinced that the world must be swept completely clean of institutions and men in order that evolution may take a new start. Yet it is singular how utterly the new men fail to convince us of the possibility of their perfect world. Gorky, for instance, with all his vociferous optimism for the future, a future in which there shall be neither want nor oppression, nor choked up inner life, nor grovelling thoughts, leaves us nevertheless with the mere feeling that life is too miserable a thing ever to be transformed into anything better. The blind beggar Luka, alone among the degraded inhabitants of his subterranean phalanstery of "The Abyss," testifies in mystical fashion to the existence of some form of spiritual life; but Luka's philosophy is not the one that dominates the final impression. Turgenieff, on the other hand, without indulging in ecstatic visions of the future, and with only a skeptic's tolerance for the facts of the present succeeds in conveying with unmistakable force the belief that existence has purpose and value, incapable, though these may be, of clear determination, refuted though they may constantly seem to be by the death of a Bazaroff in "Fathers and Children," or an Insaroff in "On the Eve," or the fate of a Liza in "A Nobleman's Nest."

To be more specific—from a Western point of view, for instance, the Russian people are, to put it in homely phrase, a queer

lot. Their naïveté, their emotional exuberance, their inability to recognize the practical or to cling firmly to the ideal for which in moments of stress they may be ready enough to lay down their lives, their over-developed power of self-analysis—these qualities find expression in every page of their imaginative literature. Russian men will fight each other one moment and embrace each other the next in Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy, as in Gorky. And according to all of our authorities, Russians will alternate between Oriental cruelty and a feminine softness of repentance, or will tear their hearts open for their friends to look into and will flib outrageously immediately thereafter, or will get drunk and beat their servants and then grovel before them in contrition, or will break the moral law repeatedly and take their own lives on an empty scruple. In Turgenieff as in Gorky the good may perish, the evil triumph, the ridiculous lord it over the aesthetically fit. But in the end the fundamental difference of the two men overcomes all similarity of theme or major treatment. Turgenieff's heroes, cowards, tyrants, victims, drunkards, and clowns, for all their eccentricities, appear as essentially conditioned by the main facts of life in which they are rooted. With Gorky they seldom lose the impression of primal eccentricity, of the abnormal, the monstrous. Turgenieff's characters are men and women experiencing pain and bliss. In Gorky we have only personified aches and satisfactions. To grasp the difference we need only compare a few of Turgenieff's short stories, "Petushkoff," "A Reckless Character," "The Watch," with Gorky's "Twenty-six and One," "Kononoff," or "Malva."

From the point of view of mere technical proficiency, therefore, it should seem as if the young Russians in casting aside literary restraint have not only failed to gain any advantage over the conservative methods of a Turgenieff, but have actually placed themselves in a position of distinct inferiority by mingling artistic observation with a personal philosophy. For, to refuse to be bound by existing canons is decidedly to advance a philosophy of one's own. If truth is to be the object, the uncompromising naturalism of Gorky and Andreef is vitiated to a far greater extent by their doctrinal nihilism than Turgenieff's realism could ever be by his subservience to tradition. Upon the ordinary reader, with little doubt, the intransigent methods of the younger men produce the weaker impression. When Turgenieff accepts certain things and denies certain other things, the presumption is at least that he is endeavoring to discriminate between the true and the false. But when Gorky finds in the upper classes of Russian society only high-fed oppression, in the middle classes brutal indifference, in the lower classes stupid helplessness; when the ignorant are only beasts, and the intelligent, birds of prey or weaklings; when love is only animalism, and reason is madness, and virtue is timidity, and courage is dulness, the mind at once suspects the operation of a rigid formula and denies verisimilitude to the entire result.

Actually, it is a question whether the present generation of Russian writers is not too "modern" to be realistic in the sense that Turgenieff was a realist. We

find in Gorky, for instance, the entire conglomeration of vague and incongruous ideals, which is the peculiar character and pride of "modernistic" thought all over Europe. It is a continuous swing between the brutalities of an unchecked naturalism and surrender to mystic aberration. It blends the supposedly latest truths of biologic science with the chivalry of the Middle Ages and the spirit that animated the sexual nature-worship of the pre-Christian Orient. It is a mixture of democracy and the doctrines of Nietzsche, of pastoral simplicity of emotion and decadent æstheticism. The "modern" soul is assumed to be sick with the sins of many millenniums, and worn out with self-contemplation, yet strong enough to defy the resultant wisdom of such sin and introspection. Old with the vanity of all pleasures, it is young enough to cry aloud for all pleasures. Tax the "modern" mind with being illogical, and it brings forward its theory of the greater worth of the passions over the intellect. Argue that passion is eminently simple, and the reply comes that it is the business of the intellect to develop the play of the passions to more complex potentialities. "Modern" thought is fond of the grand style of discourse. It speaks of the cosmic opposition between the male and the female principle, and of the love between man and woman which is Love, and the hatred of the sexes which is hate; and is rather fond of petty lubricities. It has gone far to recreate the view of woman as a creature of pleasure and evil that was held by the monks of the Thibaid; but it insists on bestowing on her the suffrage and state support for her offspring. In the ideal world of the modernist, the primal animal passions are made the bases of society and the conditions of civilization's progress. In that world men walk about in the midst of antique beauty without being tainted with the mould of old age; Quixotes in their capacity for action, Hamlets by their insight into the hidden things of life; sinning with the body, but never with the soul; commanding no one and obeying no one—members, in short, of a reconstructed world-scheme where planets and star clusters, bound by no compelling law, swirl about in orbitless spontaneity, yet unite, strangely enough, to form an harmonious universe.

Into such perversity of ideals our modernist writer will fall, because, at bottom, what he studies and depicts is not objective life—and this in spite of an apparent relentless realism—but the fluctuations and shades of his own perverse artist's soul. The earlier Gorky ranks higher as an artist than the man who wrote "The Abyss," "Children of the Sun," or "The Petty Traders." For, even if that earlier work was already marred by a pervading pessimism which must have been the personal contribution of the citizen-born and bred Gorky to the life of the under world, the subjective element was comparatively inconspicuous. But even in his earlier sketches we miss the touch of absolute reality that marks Turgeneff's peasant studies in the "Annals of a Sportsman." Gorky's vagabonds and proletarians are too voluble, too introspective, too coarse and too cynically fine by turns; and the problems they are represented as consciously dealing with are only Gorky's

elaboration of what may have run as dim sensations in the minds of his originals. In his rare idyllicism, as in his representation of ugliness, brutality, and the violences of sex, he is over-elaborate, over-emphatic; he shocks, stuns, shatters, but by the very vigor of his onset creates a speedy reaction towards disbelief.

We turn at random to one of Turgeneff's longer short stories—"Spring Freshets"—it is called in Miss Hapgood's translation—to find a satisfying example of what we mean by the realism that stoops to convention when it pleases, abstains from the terrifically tragic or the horribly grotesque, makes no excursion into the fields of technical neurology, or economics, yet leaves us with a poignant bit of literature that compels acknowledgment of its veracity. The first love of a young man is described without his being made either a poet or a faun; his encounter with temptation and his fall are told without the least squeamishness, with a terrible directness, in fact, which our modernists would greatly value were it not for its freedom from sordid detail; and the entire tragic little story remains a piece out of the very core of life, in its implication of law, of health, and the supremacy of the spirit, which, whether we will or no, the mind demands as the essentials of life.

E. STRUNSKY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Besides the Browning items noted last week, there are a number of exceptionally interesting books to be offered in the Buckler sale by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city on December 3. The most notable item is Milton's Bible, a fine copy of the quarto Geneva, or "Breeches," version, printed by Christopher Barker, 1588. On a slip pasted inside the cover is the autograph signature and date "John Milton, February 24, 1654." On the title of the New Testament is the autograph—"Elizabeth Milton"—Milton's third wife—and on the fly-leaf her maiden name, "Elizabeth Minshull," as well as signatures of several other members of her family. There are other association books of great importance, including a copy of the earliest issue of Halle's "Chronicles," with writing on blank leaves by Sir Henry and Mary Sidney, the parents of Sir Philip Sidney and his sister Mary, the Countess of Pembroke; a copy of the first edition of the first part of Butler's "Hudibras," given by the author to his "honored friend Captain John Grant"; the copy of "Prometheus Unbound" which Shelley gave to Trelawney a few days before his death; Lamb's "Elia," given to John Howard Payne; William Wycherley's Works, given by the author to Sir George Browne; "Marmion," in a tartan binding, given by Scott to Wordsworth; Thackeray's copy of the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels"; presentation copies of several of Longfellow's books and of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." The "Commemoration Ode" is the French copy, and cost Mr. Buckler \$410 in 1901. The Pyser copy, presented by Lowell to Sophia J. Townsend, brought \$531 last year. Maria Lowell's "Poems," 1855, is the Arnold copy, which brought \$90 in 1901. The record is \$210 for the Bartlett copy, which had the original manuscript

of one poem, "The Necklace," inserted. This is the most important sale of the season thus far; and, while, in the opinion of some, the present is not an opportune time to sell rare books, on the other hand, if prices rule low, now is precisely the time to buy.

Hodgson & Co. of London sell on December 10 and 11 a notable collection of books on Napoleon and a collection of first editions of modern English authors. Among the latter is a remarkable collection of the first editions of the books of Robert Louis Stevenson, including some of the rarities, such as "The Charity Bazaar," "Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," "Maccabees," "The Story of a Lie," and "An Object of Pity."

On December 3, 4, and 5 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of Eugene W. Hildreth of Melrose, Mass. It contains a series of Eleazer Wheelock's Reports on the Indian Charity School, which afterwards became Dartmouth College. The same firm will offer the autograph collection of Matthew A. Stickney of Salem on December 18 and 19. It comprises signers of the Declaration, Presidents, members of the Continental Congress, Revolutionary generals, and American authors. An early survey by Washington, dated April 4, 1750, also a page A.L.S., written from the camp at Cambridge, October 28, 1775, are two notable specimens.

Correspondence.

THE REAL E. A. HOFFMANN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The production of Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Manhattan Opera House, and the remarks of the metropolitan critics regarding the opera and its author-hero, Ernst Amadeus Hoffmann, give the pessimist another opportunity to moralize on the injustice of posterity. Literary and musical tradition, even before his death, made over the versatile little lawyer and story-teller into a sort of reincarnated François Villon, a gay Bohemian, who spent his days in love-making and his nights with boon companions in the wine-cellars of Bamberg and Berlin. Like the hapless Poe, Hoffmann fell into the hands of a Philistine biographer, the Berlin publisher Hitzig, who exaggerated his faults, and altogether failed to understand his character. Since that time the professional literary historians have used him mainly to point a moral. His nervous and eccentric manners and uncanny appearance, his versatility as artist, musician, composer, and author, and above all, his fancy for the theatre and for a genial glass afterwards, set in motion a flood of legends which still eddy about the nooks and crannies of old Berlin, notably the old wine-room of Lutter and Wegner on the Gendarme Markte, one of the most interesting and suggestive landmarks of literary Berlin in the early decades of the nineteenth century. The legend-weaving German mind, which identifies Byron with Don Juan, just as naturally finds Hoffmann again in his own half-insane musician Johannes Kreisler, the hero of those strange fancies which Robert Schumann set into music. How could the author of these and the

"Nachtstücke" be other than a ghost-seer in real life? Doesn't it shock us all just a little to find that Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. H. G. Wells are ordinary, well-behaved gentlemen?

In Germany of late the unpicturesque philologists have been having a sort of Hoffmann revival and smashing the Hoffmann legends. It turns out that he was a successful lawyer, a conscientious and painstaking government official in the East Prussian provinces, a successful conductor of operas in Dresden and Leipzig, and finally after the fall of Napoleon a trusted judge in the Prussian Court of Appeals until his death. In this last position, according to records in the archives cited by Dr. Ellinger in a recent article in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, he won the plaudits of his superiors by his ability and conscientiousness, it being expressly stated that his serious and dignified demeanor showed no trace of the fantastic and comical story-teller.

The object of this letter, however, is not to assist in the thankless destruction of the picturesque Hoffmann saga, but merely to call attention to the unfading attractions of those weird, realistic tales of his. Every one of his contemporaries, except the eccentric Heinrich von Kleist, has ceased to be more than a name to the German reading public, but each year brings a new edition of one of Hoffmann's fantastic tales—the "Devil's Elixir," with its dread *revenants*, the "Entail," a prototype of Poe's House of Usher in its icy realism, or the delightful irony of "Murr the Cat," the ancestor of a race of literary tom-cats, who philosophize through the German fiction of the nineteenth century. "Il a toujours un pied dans le monde réel," says Théophile Gautier, explaining with a word the trait which separated Hoffmann from the dreamy Romanticism of his time. This same realism has made him a French classic, more popular than either Goethe or Heine. It made him also one of the creators of the short story, which grew up in England and France under German Romantic influences.

As a composer Hoffmann was scarcely less famous during his lifetime than as a story-teller, but an evil genius has pursued his musical works. His "Undine," the greatest Romantic opera before Weber's "Freischütz," was exceedingly popular in Berlin until scenery and decorations were destroyed by the burning of the Royal Opera House in 1817. His numerous sonatas, fugues, and *Singspiele* are still in MS. in the Berlin Royal Library. Perhaps this period of Romantic revivals may yet see some of his work resurrected. In the history of music Hoffmann holds an honored place as having been the first critic to appreciate Beethoven rightly. His tales have furnished themes to many other composers besides Offenbach, from Wagner to Carl Reinicke. The "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" and "Tannhäuser" both owe much to Hoffmann's stories, and a recently printed sketch from another opera outlined by Wagner while in Paris, "Die Bergwerke von Falun," is based on one of Hoffmann's best stories.

ROBERT H. FIPE, JR.

Middletown, Conn., November 19.

SIMMS ON AN EARLY COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following from William Gilmore Simms's "Views and Reviews" (1845) shows that in the commercial world history repeats itself. Simms is writing of the conditions preceding and following the commercial crisis of 1837:

The chief cities were diseased to an enormous extent. Their evil influences were spreading to the country. The rankness of trade and speculation had overrun the land; its vices were fast usurping the place of virtues; fraud was a bold politician, prescribing laws for the people, and matters for government, as if the propriety for his existence were no longer matter of dispute. . . . Long impunity and constantly increasing numbers had made the criminals bold and reckless. They laughed at ordinary reproof, they mocked at wisdom, and despised censure. . . . A terrible punishment was preparing for the excesses of our people—unhappily a fate which has made the innocent pay the debts of the guilty—which has swept all with a common besom. The laws of industry, common sense, and common honesty, are not to be long outraged with impunity; and the recoil came and the retribution; and we are what we are now, and—so far as mere social prosperity is concerned—what, it is feared, we must very long remain. In morals, we trust there is improvement. God works out his purposes to this end, and he does not often work in vain. We are pleased to think, and somewhat proud to say, that, touched by adversity, scourged by the just judgments of heaven, we are an improving people. Vice is less audacious, pride less boastful, labor more honorable, truth better esteemed, if not yet wholly triumphant.

If Simms describes the conditions of the present day, does he also foretell a coming retribution? F. C. PRESCOTT.

Ithaca, N. Y., November 4.

THE GIFT TO SWARTHMORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The bequest recently referred to in your columns, of \$3,000,000 (estimated) to Swarthmore College, upon condition that it give up intercollegiate contests in athletics, presents a question which concerns not only the beneficiary college but also all who are interested in the cause of education.

From the point of view of education the question would seem easy of solution. Inasmuch as there can be no rational and consistent educational ideal which requires intercollegiate athletics for its attainment, there seems to be no doubt that \$3,000,000 wisely spent would accomplish vastly more for the cause of education than intercollegiate athletics could possibly accomplish.

And inasmuch as the sole *raison d'être* of the college is to further the cause of education, the question would seem, at first blush, to be equally simple from the point of view of Swarthmore College. And so it probably would be if college authorities were free to pursue their proper aims; but under present conditions our colleges must conform more or less to popular sentiment. A college must have students, and to that end it must accede to the popular taste. Young America to-day knows far better than pedagogic wisecracks what is good for him. If he prefers football to scholarship (and he usually does) he is going to the college where he can get much football and little scholarship, with the result that the football college will flourish while the scholarship college may decline. Hence the

question before Swarthmore is whether it can risk the unpopularity involved in deciding in favor of scholarship as against intercollegiate athletics.

This, in truth, is the problem which really confronts all colleges, and which can be settled only by a practical test. Some college of standing and financial strength should try the experiment. It might thereby lose popularity for a time, but it would gain in reputation for scholarship—a gain which might in the end far exceed the loss. The opportunity is now presented to Swarthmore to become a pioneer in this movement. For such championship this college seems to be peculiarly fitted. The proposed bequest would give it a large measure of financial independence; and its already excellent standing in educational work, coupled with the courageous devotion to scholarship involved in the proposed change, would naturally attract the class of students which is really the most desirable for any college.

To those who are deeply interested in education and who are unable to see any particular educational value in intercollegiate athletics, the rejection of this munificent gift and this magnificent opportunity would seem little short of a calamity.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, November 22.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "Over-Sea Britain," by E. F. Knight, and "Studies in the History of Venice," by Horatio F. Brown.

At her death, the late Mrs. Slack, of Croyden, left the original letters between Shelley and Miss Hitchener (1811-12) to the Rev. C. Hargrove, with directions that they should ultimately go to the British Museum. Mr. Hargrove has, however, turned them over to the Museum immediately, and they are to be published by Bertram Dobell. The series consists of forty-four letters from Shelley, five from Mrs. Shelley (the first), and twelve from Miss Hitchener. Dowden made use of the correspondence when writing his "Life of Shelley," but it has never before been printed in full, except in a private edition of thirty copies, by T. J. Wise, in 1900.

Taking the four volumes before us as specimens, we heartily commend the Prairie Classics of A. C. McClurg & Co. as one of the neatest and most readable editions of the novelists ever put on the market. The books are small but not "pocket size," the paper opaque and stiff enough to turn conveniently, and the type is clear and of fair size. The price is low, one dollar a volume. Each volume contains a frontispiece in colors by George Alfred Williams. It is the intention to give in time the complete works of each author. So far "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Oliver Twist" have been issued.

Dr. William Morton Payne's "Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century" is a series of lectures on Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, William Morris, and Swinburne. His purpose,

as stated in the preface, is "to examine their poetry in respect to its intellectual content, to set forth their ideas on religious and philosophical subjects, and to discuss the political and social conditions of their time." Such a tempting programme raises expectations which the essays themselves by no means satisfy. It implies an amount of time and study that might task the energies of a Taine, and more than ordinary critical acumen. But only the more obvious significance of each author's work is treated. Dr. Payne attempts so much that his treatment is bound to be sketchy. He feels it necessary to justify his omission of Scott in favor of Landor, but his reasons are not convincing. To ignore utterly the estimates of such competent judges as Shairp, Saintsbury, Palgrave, and Ruskin is one more indication of the present curious depreciation of Scott by our American pundits. Can they know his work at first hand? Landor lives, if at all, by his prose and a few exquisite lyrics, not by his frigid Gebirs, which have few charms and no influence. It must have been Landor's republicanism which secured his inclusion in this choric band; but Landor was a republican of classic Rome, a fierce aristocrat, who could not endure "the people." Dr. Payne praises the right men generously for the right things; he quotes copiously from the poets themselves and he leans hard on their critics. His best chapters are on Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold; the treatment of Coleridge and Morris cannot be regarded as adequate. (Published by Henry Holt & Co.)

A book on Meredith raises the previous question: Is he a great novelist? On the sturdy Phillistine, who prefers Pickwick to Shagpat, such a treatise as Elmer James Bailey's "The Novels of George Meredith: A Study" (Charles Scribner's Sons) will hardly work a change of heart. His praise is often so faint, his concessions to adverse criticism are so frequent, that, at the end of the argument, he and the Phillistine might almost shake hands. The book consists of five chapters, dealing with the development of Meredith's genius, and a list of the characters in his novels. Neither the style nor the matter is of a kind to inspire confidence. The style is rather pompous; "diatribes" are "hurled" against "citadels," and that sort of thing. Incidental statements of fact are often surprising. For instance:

In 1823, of the poets favorably known during the early part of the century, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were dead; . . . Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett were but just known, and Browning had not printed "Pauline" (p. 17).

The new and interesting part of the book is a sketch of Meredith's influence upon other novelists.

In the Introduction to her "Vers de Société Anthology" (Scribners) Carolyn Wells discusses the various English phrases that have been used for this kind of verse and finds them all, as indeed they are, in one respect or another wanting. Her own suggestion Gentle Verse strikes us as capital, and we could wish she had boldly made it the title of her book; it fits well her definition of the kind as depending for its spirit "on an instant perception and a fine appreciation of values, seen through the me-

dium of a whimsical kindness." Gentle Verse would thus imply the life of gentle society viewed through the mind of such a poet as Thackeray's "Gentle Saint Charles"—not a bad interpretation of *vers de société*. We remark in this connection that, with all her catholicity, Miss Wells has not included in her list a single poem of Lamb's; surely, some of his album verses deserve a place with the best she has collected. Nor is her taste in other matters always sure. Only two of T. B. Aldrich's poems are given—one of these by no means of his best—against seven by H. C. Bunner and four by Gelett Burgess. This simply shows lack of fine artistic sense in the collector. But it is almost always easy to pick such flaws in an anthology; the important fact is that here we have a large body of *vers de société*, brought together from the most widely separated sources—an excellent book to read.

"Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen: Select Narratives from the 'Principal Navigations' of Hakluyt," edited by Edward John Payne, has been issued in a new edition by Henry Frowde. This work, first published in 1880 and again in 1893 and 1900, has now been condensed from two volumes to one by the omission of the last letter and last voyage of Thomas Cavendish and of Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana," together with the introductory matter relating to these texts. The volume now contains an excellent Introduction, including an account of the life and works of Hakluyt; the Directions for Taking a Prize, from Capt. John Smith's "Seaman's Grammar"; and accounts of various voyages of Hawkins, Froisher, Drake, Gilbert, Amadas and Barlow, and Cavendish. C. Raymond Beazley, whose third volume of "Dawn of Modern Geography" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 10, has furnished some additional notes and maps.

"Round About the North Pole," by W. J. Gordon, with woodcuts and other illustrations by Edward Whymper, is just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. A more inspiring record of bravery, endurance, sacrifice of self for the sake of one's comrades, unflinching devotion to duty in the face of deadly peril, it would be difficult to find than is contained in this account of the heroes of Arctic research. In telling the story of the different expeditions from that of Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1553, to Robert Peary's in 1906, the author has divided the region into sections, beginning with Spitzbergen and following the circle to Greenland, describing the exploration of each section by itself. The main incidents and achievements of the various expeditions are grouped together with numerous extracts from journals and anecdotes. Among these is the story told by Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to Charles II., of a conversation in Amsterdam in 1652, with a sailor of a Greenland ship. This veracious tar said that he "sailed to the North Pole and back again, and even two degrees beyond it; no land seen, no ice, and the weather as it was in summer-time at Amsterdam." Naturally the greatest space is allotted to the older and less known voyagers, but this plan is at times carried too far. More than ten pages, for instance, are devoted to Barents, but the account of Amundsen's accomplishment of the Northwest Passage occupies less than a page. There is no

mention whatever of Walter Wellman's expeditions to the northeast of Spitzbergen, and to Franz Josef Land, nor of the Ziegler expedition of 1903-5 led by Anthony Fiala. Six sectional maps and sixty-seven illustrations, including thirteen portraits of the most famous explorers, and reproductions of pictures in old works add much to the interest and attractiveness of the volume. There is an excellent index, but the value of the work would have been much increased if it had contained a bibliographical list of authorities.

Insight into one phase of Japanese character, which receives such contradictory interpretation, is opened by "Human Bullets" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a personal record of experience before Port Arthur by Lieut. Tadayoshi Sakurai of the Japanese army, a young officer who was actively engaged on the Liaotung peninsula until he fell desperately wounded in the general assault of the 23d of August. The military student will acquire little technical information, although there are instructive allusions to equipment, marches, and modes of attack; and the non-military reader may only see how horrible war may be and how destructive to life it actually was in that great campaign. But the essential interest and the real value of the little book is its record of the writer's inner man, not merely of what his bone and flesh and blood and nerves did and suffered, but of his essential personality, perfectly exemplifying that "as a man thinketh so he is." If this were simply the record of an exceptional incarnation of the spirit of patriotic war, one might file it away with that label. But it is neither that nor the Quixotic dream of a solitary enthusiast. It is clearly typical of the spirit which on land and sea animated thousands upon thousands and culminated in the military overthrow of Russia. One need not suppose that the rank and file attained this precise level, but certainly they appreciated and responded with a similar if not identical exaltation of spirit to appeals based upon the same subordination of self. The Emperor called and they esteemed their lives as the dust of the balance. The Western mind appreciates this only in an intellectual way. We do not easily conceive that through pure loyalty, whether to ruler or country, inevitable death or distressing mutilation, without immediate accomplishment in view, can be welcomed in the spirit of sacrifice, or that where the opportunity for such sacrifice may have been accidentally lost then suicide may be a normal testimony to the spirit. It is because of their complete and unresisting surrender of themselves to the controlling moral forces that our author well names his comrades Human Bullets. The story is told for the information and encouragement of his fellow-subjects. It will be read by the Occidental world as a wonderful psychological revelation, in which the vivid inspiration that he draws from the spirits of the departed, conceived to be in immediate touch with the patriotic operations, adds a spiritual factor impressive in itself and new to most of us of the Western world.

It is not a pleasant chapter in the history of European morals which Henry C. Lea has treated in his "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church" (The Macmillan Co.), but it is an important

chapter, which cannot be ignored by students of ecclesiastical and social institutions, whether in the past or in the present. The marriage of priests has been forbidden by the Western Church since the fourth century, so that the historian has a long period in which to observe the conflict of ecclesiastical authority with one of the fundamental impulses of human nature and note the abuses to which celibacy gave rise. Mr. Lea's study is based upon wide reading in original authorities, including not only decrees of popes and canons of councils, but a large amount of out-of-the-way material in the form of records of tribunals and treatises on ecclesiastical law and practice. Even those who dissent most completely from his conclusions must admit the importance of the evidence which he has collected. Although the greater bulk of the third edition, which has just been published in two volumes, is due in part to the use of different type, the work has grown considerably since its first appearance forty years ago, especially by taking fuller account of the more recent phases of the institution. The revision for the new edition has not been so thorough as the subject deserves, particularly in the matter of utilizing modern monographs on many of the varied topics touched upon in the course of the work, but it is all that Mr. Lea has found time for in the midst of his exacting studies of the Spanish Inquisition, and we must be thankful for what he has given us. The examination of Spanish sources has, moreover, yielded a considerable amount of fresh material, mostly unpublished, notably for the new chapter on solicitation, a carefully guarded field into which insight can be gained only through such a body of material as the records of the Holy Office afford. The proof-reading is not quite up to Mr. Lea's high standard, as when the printer makes him speak of *solicitatio ad turpia*. It is a pity that references are still given to antiquated collections, such as those of Baluze and Migne, in cases where the texts cited are to be found in more correct and more accessible modern editions.

Two new volumes have been added to the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first, constituting the first volume of the series and edited by W. L. Grant, Belt lecturer on colonial history in the University of Oxford, contains the voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. The second, constituting the fifth volume and edited by President L. G. Tyler of the College of William and Mary, contains thirteen narratives of early Virginia. Mr. Grant's work as editor of the Champlain voyages has been well done. The text is that of Slatyer, and many of the notes of that admirable investigator have been taken over in part or in whole. The editor has, however, made many annotations of his own. He has called especial attention to the value of Champlain's description of New England as furnishing what Winsor has called the first "intelligible cartography of the shore line of Nova Scotia and New England"; and, notwithstanding Winsor's inclination to regard Champlain's comments as "far less satisfactory" than those of Hariot and White for Virginia, Mr. Grant insists that Champlain did more than any other of the early seamen to bring order out of confusion:

While the trials of the settlements at Plymouth and Massachusetts are known to every schoolboy, the connection of Champlain with the history of the United States has often been disregarded, and he has been considered solely as the founder of Quebec. The exclusive attention paid to the English colonists has glorified Massachusetts at the expense of Maine, and one of the noblest names in the history of exploration has been passed over.

President Tyler's volume offers little opportunity for comment. The narratives are all familiar to students of early Virginia history—Percy's "Observations," Smith's "True Relation," "Description of Virginia," and "General History" (Fourth book), DeLaWare's "Relation," the letters of De Molina, Father Biard, John Rolfe, and John Pory, the Proceedings of the Virginia Assembly (1619), the Virginia Planters' Plea in answer to Butler's Unmasking, and, lastly, the Relation of the Assembly in 1624 and the Discourse of the Old Company. It is noteworthy that nothing, except a facsimile, is given from the Records of the Virginia Company and nothing at all from Strachey. The prefaces of the editor are sufficient, but the annotations seem slight. The most conspicuous feature of the reprint is the careful and accurate collation of the various texts with the printed originals in the Library of Congress, and the reproduction of a particularly fine copy of Smith's map of Virginia—the seventh "state" in Wilberforce Eames's classification, which "contains more data than any of the other six and differs in no significant way from the eighth." President Tyler believes that the report of the assembly of 1619 was written by the speaker, John Pory, and not by the clerk, John Twine. It would be interesting to know whether this statement is based on a comparison of handwritings or on the endorsement on the original manuscript, which reads, "Mr. Pory out of Virginia," a phrase which may merely refer to the fact that Pory sent over the report. Unless the original report is much misplaced among the Domestic Papers, President Tyler is certainly wrong in assigning it to "James I., Vol. I.," which concerns the first part of the year 1603. The reference probably should be to Vol. 109, which contains letters and papers covering the months of May, June, and July, 1619. The Assembly met on June 30 of that year.

The second series of Renan's "Cahiers de jeunesse" has been issued by Calmann-Lévy.

Romain Rolland, the art professor at the École Normale, who writes the interminable romance of the musical development of Jean-Christophe, reappears as an historian with compact lives of Michael Angelo and Beethoven. These little volumes are based on recent researches, which, in the case of Michael Angelo at least, have completely renewed the face of biography. M. Rolland adds his own striking conception of the unity of the lives which he treats, not as a populariser, but as a scholar and thinker.

Pierre de Bouchaud, who has written poetry in his time and has since devoted himself sedulously to Italian sculpture, now publishes a small volume aiming at a certain literary completeness on "Goethe et le Tasse." It comprises a life of Tasso, with glimpses of his sentimental existence in connection with the "Jerusalem Delivered"; Ferrara in Tasso's day; and Goethe's tragedy, plus a bibliography.

Those who care for the personal side of their philosophers and seek to know how they reached their precise angle of vision will be interested in the little book of Gaston Rageot "Les Savants et la philosophie." It deals with Herbert Spencer, Henri Poincaré, and H. Bergson, the professor of the École Normale, who has acquired so much influence over the younger and somewhat weary philosophic thought of France.

A work of serious erudition, in an historical field not yet competently covered, has been begun by Camille Jullian, professor at the Collège de France. The first two volumes of his "Histoire de la Gaule" are only the beginning. They deal with the Gallic invasion and Greek colonization, and with independent Gaul. Four other volumes are to follow: the Roman conquest and first Germanic invasions; government by Rome; Gallo-Roman civilization; and the Lower Empire. In the first volume there is a full treatment of two interesting questions—the Greek foundation of Marseilles and Hannibal's crossing of the Alps.

"Les Maîtres du roman espagnol," by F. Vézinet, is a convenient book on a subject of timely literary interest. "Le Pérou contemporain," by Fr. Garcia-Calderon, with a preface of Prof. Gabriel Séailles, a Paris sympathizer with all young nationalities, is a history of the "Peruvian Renaissance."

"Zehn lyrische Selbst-Porträts" is the title of an engaging little volume among the new German books brought over by G. E. Stechert & Co. of this city. It contains portraits of the authors, Ferdinand von Saar, Felix Dahn, J. Trojan, Martin Grife, Detlev von Liliencron, Gustav Falke, Arno Holz, R. Dehmelt, Otto Julius Bierbaum, and that veteran dramatist, Ernst von Wildenbruch, all drawn on stone direct from life. In addition thereto is a facsimile of an autobiographical sketch from each writer—a collection of nervous German orthography. There are also selections from each author's works.

Fortunate if not always happy is he who can see himself as others see him. So evidently thought Karl Eugen Schmidt, when he prepared his "Deutschland und die Deutschen in 19: französische Karikatur seit 1848" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). Ninety reproductions from French illustrated journals are given to show something of the mood of the French toward the Germans from the time of the Revolution of '48 to the year 1906, but the exhibitor posts a notice in his gallery warning the observer not to take things too seriously. Bismarck and the Prussians are, of course, "hung on the line," and very clever are some of the sketches of Daumier, Cham, and others. No one escapes—not even the Emperors themselves, and *Dienstmädchen* and *Student* are also not beneath the notice of the artist. Particularly amusing is a cartoon of 1864, in strange contrast to the situation today, showing some German soldiers blowing on toy ships in a washbowl, and entitled "Prussia Striving to Become a Sea Power." Notable also is a black-and-white picture, "In Berlinstrassen," where everybody—soldier, officer, and policeman, the old and the young, Germans and monocled Englishmen—skips along to Prussian military step.

How great a service Helene Simon has sought to perform for poor and ailing children can only be estimated by a careful perusal of her book, "Schule und Brot," imported by Stechert & Co., New York. Inspired by Hauptmann's pointed question, "Hast du Speise zu essen, wenn's dich hungert?" the author has tried to learn to just what extent children in the leading countries of the world, who are compelled to attend school, are also forced by poverty to wend their way through heat and cold, and sit long hours endeavoring to grasp the hard facts offered by the teacher while they are hungering and thirsting for bodily nourishment. The book contains a discussion in general of *Schulspelsung*, a specific investigation of the question in Germany, a report on the operation of the school-canteen in France, and a review of the wretched conditions in England, and the means taken by the English government to meet the situation. The showing is, at best, disheartening, and one can sympathize with the author in her imperative demand: "Zuerst Brot, dann die Schule!" Again and again in the reports from various cities of Great Britain, France, and Germany it is proved that children come to school without breakfast, and often go without either breakfast or dinner. Nor does the writer spare her own country; rather, she makes out the conditions there worse than elsewhere, although, as a matter of fact, much has been done in the Fatherland toward supplying poor school-children with coffee and other nourishment.

Prof. Albert Erhardt, leader in the newly established Catholic theological faculty at the University of Strassburg, has, since the publication six years ago of "Der Katholizismus und das 20. Jahrhundert," been regarded as perhaps the ablest and most scholarly of Catholic university men in Germany. The central proposition of Erhardt's work, namely, that Catholicism correctly understood is perfectly consistent with fair and honest independent research, is made again, in a somewhat modified form, the fundamental idea in his recent work "Katholisches Christentum und moderne Kultur," which he publishes as a *Programmskizze* in the Kirchheim collection under the general title *Kultur und Katholizismus*. The discussion is characterized by a frank criticism not only of what the author holds to be the weaknesses of modern civilization, but also of the objectionable features in the life of the Catholic church. He contends especially that between faith and real science (*Wissen*) there can be no conflict; but his criticisms of the church do not go so far as those of other writers in that church, e. g., Dr. Karl Gebert of Munich, in his work published some months ago, "Katholischer Glaube und die Entwicklung des Geisteslebens." The independence of this school of Catholic scholars was publicly recognized not long since by Professor Harnack in his university address pleading for a better understanding between the Protestants and the Catholics of Germany.

In the work of Pastor L. Couard, entitled "Die religiösen und sittlichen Anschauungen der alttestamentlichen Apokryphen und Pseudepigraphen," a reasonably successful attempt has been made to analyze the theological contents of that re-

markable body of Jewish literature which fills the gap between the Old and the New Testaments. The ideas embodied in this literature go far toward making clear the historical background of the New Testament and explaining the religious atmosphere in which the New Testament writers lived and moved. The special topics considered are Theology, in the narrower sense; Angelology; God in His Relation to the World; Man and Sin; Ethics; the Messianic Expectations; and Eschatology. The Introduction is devoted to a discussion of the sources. The investigations are marked by a positive yet fairly critical spirit. The publisher is C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh.

Under the common title *Fortids Sagn og Sange* (Myths and Songs of the Past), Prof. Kr. Nyrop of Copenhagen has started the publication by the Gyldendalske Boghandel of a series of popular monographs on legendary, fabulous, and mythical traditions. The first number of the series, entitled "Tove's Magic Ring," deals with the highly poetic love episode between King Valdemar and his beloved Tove, which several of Denmark's greatest poets and composers of modern times—notably Holger Drachmann and J. P. Jacobsen—have celebrated in verse and music. Professor Nyrop shows how the tale of the ring and of the unnatural love aroused by it has been applied to various historical personages, Charlemagne, Harold the Fairhaired, etc. He comes to the conclusion that the tale of Harold's all-absorbing love for the Finn girl Snaefrid was taken up by tradition and applied first to Charlemagne and then to the Danish Valdemar, as well as to several other kings and heroes. Even this prototype of the legend he does not regard as historical, but, following the lead of the Norwegian folk-loreist Moltke Moe, he thinks that the old popular tale which is represented by Grimm's "Schneewittchen," has been applied to the uxorious old Norwegian king. Professor Nyrop is an entertaining writer, who combines learning with poetic appreciation. His book, while popular, is a valuable contribution to the literature of Danish folk-lore.

The publishing house of Albert Bonnier in Stockholm has begun an undertaking that deserves special attention in this country, where so many patrons of public libraries are of Swedish nationality or descent, namely, a collection, in not less than twenty-five volumes, of the best and most significant of Swedish literary productions from the last four centuries. *Sveriges Nationallitteratur*, as its name is, was planned by the late Oscar Levén, and will now, after his untimely death, be edited by Henrik Schück and Ruben Gibson Berg, with the assistance of a number of other critics for the individual volumes. The two volumes with which the publication has begun are devoted to the prose writers of the eighteenth century: Dalin, Linné, Kellgren, Thorild, Ehrensvärd, and others; and to two living authors: Per Hallström, whose exquisite short stories in a decidedly minor key have won him many admirers, and E. A. Karlfelt, whose three or four volumes of characteristic verses have gained for him, though young in years and modern in point of view, an election to the Swedish Academy. The price, only two kroner a volume, is very moderate.

Swedish publishers at present seem to vie with each other in issuing cheap editions of both standard and modern works, cheap, it should be said at once, in price only. Bonnier includes in his collection, *De Bästa Böckerna*, works by Strindberg, Bellman, Selma Lagerlöf, Per Hallström, C. J. L. Almquist, and others. Wahlström & Widstrand, the latest arrival in the field, opened the list of their *Kronböcker* with K. A. Forslund's "Storgården," a recent exponent of the "back to nature" movement, which here reaches its fourth edition. *Aktieboleget Ljus*, to which firm belongs the honor of having introduced this class of inexpensive volumes, has already a respectable list, among which are many books issued by arrangement with the original publishers; their latest issues include a new edition of Strindberg's classic "Svenska öden och äfventyr," which here contains that strange gipsy story, "Tchandalen."

Kristian Settervall's "Svensk Historisk Bibliografi, 1875-1900" (Stockholm: Norstedt), is a valuable contribution to bibliographical literature. Not less than 4,636 books and articles are here enumerated, dealing with Swedish history in its broadest aspects, including such contributory sciences as numismatics, heraldry, church history, history of education, law and literature, topography and biography; territories that at one time or another belonged to the Swedish realm are also included as far as those periods are concerned. The book has a full author index, but unfortunately there is no index of topics.

A new part of J. A. Almquist's "Sveriges Bibliografiska Litteratur" has appeared, issued in the *Handlingar* of the Royal Library of Stockholm, and also separately (Norstedt); it covers the history of public libraries in Sweden proper.

L. Bygdén's "Svenskt Anonym- och Pseudonym-Lexikon," published at the expense of Svenska Litteratursällskapet in Upsala, has reached the letter O. It is a mine of information, not merely for Swedish literature, but for other literatures as well, as far as translated into Swedish. *Samisaren*, the organ of the above-mentioned society, though chiefly devoted to literary history, contains not a few ramifications into the domain of bibliography, e. g., I. Collijn's series of articles on Swedish libraries and their owners, during the middle ages.

The eightieth anniversary of Pasquale Villari was celebrated at the Laurentian Library, Florence, on November 3, the chief address being made by Guido Biagi. As a permanent and valuable souvenir of the celebration we have Francesco Baldasseroni's illustrated pamphlet, "Pasquale Villari, Profilo Biografico e Bibliografico degli Scritti." The memoir is of the discreet order, bearing chiefly upon Villari's public career as historian, teacher, and publicist. The bibliography, which comprises 407 items, gives a remarkable picture of an intense and varied production. Beside the famous biographies of Savonarola and Machiavelli and the researches in older Florentine history, with all their preliminary stages and accompanying polemics, we have an unbroken chain of journalism for more than fifty years, centering about the notable letters on conditions in Southern Italy, "Lettere Meridionali." Here are as well the indications of Villari's debates

as deputy and senator, and the laws introduced by him as minister of public instruction. The list abounds in items that attest the wide range of his interests. We may select a review of the memoirs of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli (1857), critiques of Taine's writings on art, and even occasional notices of exhibitions at Paris, Florence, and elsewhere. In all it is an extraordinary record of what the Italians, in a word we lack, call fruitful operosity.

The twentieth annual meeting of the American Economic Association will be held at Madison, Wis., December 28 to 31. The programme includes the following papers and discussions: "Are Savings Income?" Irving Fisher, Yale, followed by Winthrop M. Daniels, Princeton; Frank A. Fetter, Cornell; Fred M. Taylor, University of Michigan, and Herbert J. Davenport, University of Chicago; "Agricultural Economics," Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; "The Railway Question," Balthaser H. Meyer, University of Wisconsin; "Money and Banking," Davis R. Dewey, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; "Agreements in Political Economy," C. B. Fillebrown, Boston; "Social Classes in the Light of Modern Sociological Theory," Lester F. Ward, Brown; "The Principles of Governmental Control of Business," Jeremiah W. Jenks, Cornell; "Economic Theory and Labor Legislation," Richard T. Ely, University of Wisconsin; "The Normal Work Day in Coal Mines," Thomas K. Urdahl, Colorado College, followed by Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor; "The Working Conditions of Stokers on Transatlantic Steamers," Mrs. Florence Kelley, New York, followed by Miss Emily G. Balch, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; "A Programme for Social Legislation with Especial Reference to the Wage-Earner," Henry R. Seager, Columbia University; "Workingmen's Insurance in Illinois," Charles R. Henderson, Chicago; "The Relation of the Federal Treasury to the Money Market," Frank G. Vanderlip, vice-president National City Bank, New York city, followed by David Kinley, University of Illinois; Joseph French Johnson, University of New York, and Charles A. Conant, New York city; "Public Service Commissions," Senator William H. Hatton, New London, Wis., followed by Hon. Thomas M. Osborne, Auburn, member New York State Public Service Commission; Senator George B. Hudnall, Superior, Wis., and John H. Gray, University of Minnesota. Some of the sessions, as the titles of the papers would indicate, are held in connection with the American Sociological Society, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the American Political Science Association. The American Historical Association holds its meeting at the same time and place.

The Rev. Theodore Francis Wright, dean of the New Church Theological School of Cambridge, Mass., died November 13, on his way to Egypt, to make archaeological investigations. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1845, was graduated from Harvard in 1866, and then entered the New Church Theological School, at Waltham. His course of study at Harvard had been interrupted by service in the Union army in 1864-5 as first lieutenant. He was ordained to the Swedenborgian ministry in 1869, and after twenty years became dean of the school

at Cambridge. He was also editor of the *New Church Review*, Boston. He wrote several books, among them, "The Realities of Heaven," 1888; "Life Eternal"; and "The Human and Its Relation to the Divine," 1892. Dr. Wright was prominent in archaeological studies; was authorized lecturer of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and its honorary general secretary for the United States; a member of the Archaeological Institute of America, of the American Oriental Society, and of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis.

The Rev. Alexander Stevenson Twombly died November 19 in Newton, Mass. He was born in Boston in 1832, and after study at Heidelberg, Germany, he was graduated from Yale in 1857, and a year later from Andover Theological Seminary. He held pastorates in Congregational churches in Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Albany, Stamford, Conn., and Boston. Dr. Twombly was author of a number of books, including "Merry Maple Leaves," 1872; "The Choir Boy of York Cathedral," 1890; "Masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Milton," 1896; "Life of Dr. John Low," 1896; "Hawaii and Its People," 1900; "Kelela, the Surf Rider," 1900. He was also for two years literary editor for Silver, Burdett & Co., and editor of the Silver Series of English Classics.

Gen. Sir Henry Edward Colville died November 24 as the result of an automobile accident. Gen. Colville was born in 1852. From 1880 to 1883 he served as aide-de-camp at the Cape, and later in different grades in the Sudan, Egypt, and Burma. In the South African war he commanded the Guards Brigade and the Ninth Division, but, with other officers, was recalled. He was the author of the following books: "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers," "The Accursed Land," "History of the Sudan Campaign," "The Land of the Nile Springs," and "The Work of the Ninth Division."

The death is announced from his château of Ecotay, near Montbrison, of Marie Camille, Vicomte de Meaux. He was born in 1830, and married a daughter of Montalembert. Under Marshal MacMahon he was prominent in French politics, and he was a member of the Duc de Broglie's Ministry of 1877. His royalist opinions, however, withdrew him from public life in later years, and he had devoted himself to historical writing. Among his books are "La Révolution et l'Empire," 1877; "Les Luttes religieuses en XVI siècle," 1879; "La Réforme et la politique française jusqu'au Traité de Westphalie," 1889, a work crowned by the French Academy; "Église catholique et la liberté aux États Unis," 1892; and "Montalembert," 1892.

The death is announced of Dr. Konrad Zacher, professor of classical philology at the University of Breslau. He was born in 1851 at Halle. He is the author of a number of works on his specialty, including "De Nominibus Græcis in -*ios*," 1877; "Aussprache des Griechischen," 1888; "Die Handschriften und Klassen der Aristophanes-Scholien," 1888; "Aristophanes Studien," 1898; "Parerga zu Aristophanes," 1899.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

The reviewer of children's books may judge of the present output by his knowledge of the past. He finds, for one thing, that what was started as a story last year, is being continued as a series this. A. F. Johnston's "The Little Colonel" (L. C. Page & Co.) sounds familiar to his ears; Anna Chapin Ray's young heroines have appeared in other places besides New York; the inmates of Marion Ames Taggart's "Little Grey House" (The McClure Co.) are old friends. This same reviewer, accustomed to the formula which authors seem by instinct to adopt when they tell a college story, finds little difficulty in unravelling the plots of such tales as Ralph Henry Barbour writes. But among the hundreds of "juveniles" issued this season a number are above the average and are worth a passing note.

As a companion to their "Posy Ring" and "Golden Numbers," Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, have gathered a book of rhymes for the nursery, which they have named "Pinafore Palace" (McClure). The title is a pleasant one, and suggests the definition E. V. Lucas gives for a child's book: to afford the playroom a good time. This volume of jingles is judiciously divided, somewhat like Charles Welsh's edition of "Mother Goose," to accord with the physical activities and dawning mental appreciation of small folk. There is a diversity of selection, ranging from "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?" to Tennyson's least childlike and most stilted poem, "Minnie and Winnie." Taken in a set, these three volumes of verse represent an agreeable progress from classic jingle to rarest poetry. Equally attractive in title is "The Golden Staircase" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), another collection of poems for children, made by Louey Chisholm, consisting of two hundred and fifty steps in the mount. Unfortunately, these steps are not of the same excellent seasoning, nor are they of the same height. There is a random choice and a random arrangement; some inclusions of historic interest, other inclusions of undoubted beauty; but between them there is a depression of the mediocre: "How doth the busy little bee" in the same volume with "Oh, Captain, my Captain"; Jane Taylor's "Thank you, pretty cow" keeping company with "Sir Patrick Spens." The volume is large and sumptuous. Had E. V. Lucas considered twice, he might have struck from his "Verses for Children" (The Macmillan Co.) a great deal of material which is of interest to the general student, but of little appeal to present-day juvenile readers. He has adopted Mrs. Wiggin's method of dividing his poems into sections with fanciful titles, such as "Friends in the Village," "Little Fowls of the Air," and "Ballads of Dumb Creatures." In the midst of poems which pleased our grandparents are to be found that lighter verse written by our contemporaries. But a child will have to hunt out what is of interest. In form, the volume is fresh and dainty, reminding one very much of the compiler's former collections of "Forgotten Tales of Long Ago" and "Old-Fashioned Tales." Of more scholarly pretensions than Mrs. Wiggin's collection is S. Baring-Gould's "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). There is a short dis-

criminating introduction, and ten pages of historical notes. The decorative borders on every page are so deep and black that one regrets more the absence of white margins.

Many readers look back upon their well-thumbed "Arabian Nights" with a distinct pleasure; they would rather read of Aladdin from a volume of fine print, with crude woodcuts of heroes in baggy trousers and heroines wearing filmy veils, than from the most gorgeous edition. No one, however, can deny attractiveness and richness to E. Dixon's "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights" (Putnam), which he has edited and arranged from the version based on Galland. He has been fortunate in securing as an illustrator such a man as John D. Batten. It is a relief to read again a text that has literary charm and construction; and the volume deserves warm recognition. E. P. Dutton & Co. have another volume of the "Arabian Nights," containing five or six of the best-known stories edited by W. H. Rouse and illustrated in color by Walter Paget, altogether one of the most attractive books of the season. It makes one feel not a little proud, when one's own ideas regarding favorite fairy tales are backed by the intellectually elite of the country—not that Charles Perrault or Hans Christian Andersen or Grimm need any support in their claim to immortality. Harper & Brothers have issued a tempting looking book in white covers, with illustrations by Peter Newell, which they have entitled "Favorite Fairy Tales"—being the childhood choice of representative men and women. There is a certain humor in learning that Henry James has clung to "Hop o' My Thumb"; and that William Jennings Bryan, backed by Miss Jane Addams, has given the palm of excellence to "The Ugly Duckling." This feature of the book is the least valuable, even though the method of selection might form the basis of an amusing article. The fairy tales are all undoubtedly classic, and the judges are to be congratulated on their taste. Andrew Lang, of course, adds another to his long list of colored Fairy Books. This time the tint is Olive (Longmans, Green & Co.). In a pleasantly written preface Mr. Lang tells how the reading and writing of fairy tales came into fashion in modern Europe. The stories in this volume come from various sources, including Turkey, Armenia, India, Denmark, and France. The admirable illustrations, including eight plates in color, are, as usual, by Henry J. Ford. J. B. Lippincott Co. issues an edition of an old favorite, George MacDonald's "The Princess and the Goblin," with illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk, together with the original wood-engravings after Arthur Hughes. This, perhaps the most popular of MacDonald's stories for children, was first published in 1871, and it has since been frequently reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic. The type of the present volume is large and clear.

Three books of ample and uniform size have been issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., under the general title of the Dandelion Classics. One of these has come to the reviewer's table before—"Robin Hood," whose adventures are told in the original ballad form, the selections and illustrations being made by Lucy Fitch Perkins. The book shows good taste, and the

illustrations—most of them done in color—are simple in outline and excellent in spirit. Miss Perkins has likewise illustrated "The Twenty Best Fairy Tales"—taken from Andersen, Grimm, and Miss Mulock. The stories are some of our best known, and the pictures simple in execution. The final volume is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," adapted for young people from the Cambridge text. It is introduced by a story called "In the Days of Shakespeare," in which Will's brother Edmund—come to London Town—tells of the actors, and of their playing before the Queen. Miss Perkins again illustrates the scenes, and her color work is highly successful in humor and imagination. Especially happy in execution are the end papers, which in outline represent the characters of the play. A familiar-looking volume is "The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions," by Howard Pyle (Charles Scribner's Sons), told in text and pictures. This is a companion to the former volumes dealing with the Round Table, and it follows the original closely in spirit. In the re-telling of Malory, there is always a loss of spirit and of ruggedness, however sincere the effort may be; and it takes a genius equal to Malory's own to rewrite him. Not that we question Mr. Pyle's work, for it is far superior to the average attempt; but we look askance at the general method of adaptation, such as that pursued by J. Walker McSpadden, in his "Stories from Chaucer" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). We have commented before upon the excellent series in which this small volume appears. The publishers have done themselves credit by the variety and excellence of titles they have included; but, when one re-tells the Canterbury Stories, adding to them material which is not part of them, the result is of doubtful value. Mr. McSpadden's introduction is in many ways worthy, and he shows a sincere effort to retain the spirit of the master genius.

CURRENT FICTION.

Archusa. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

We note that this story has been hailed, or announced, in certain quarters, as the best thing Mr. Crawford has done since the *Saracinesca* series. Some enterprising person must have read all the intervening books. This we cannot say we have done; but we seem to recall several out of the rumber which are far and away better than this rather perfunctory romance. It is of the popular historical type, great names and times used for purposes of color and costume in presenting the usual sentimental and swashbuckling adventures. Of course Mr. Crawford does the trick far better than the ordinary performer; but he never (so far as we recall) quite achieves that last miracle of transmutation by which the dross becomes gold. He is merely, as the author of some thirty-five novels should be, extraordinarily adept, a master of his craft, as a craft.

"Archusa" is written in a tone of good-humored nonchalance. "The storyteller in the bazaar," as he calls himself, knows what his auditors want, and is content to let them have it. His place is Constantinople, and his time 1376. The two principal characters are Venetians by birth.

One is an "ex-clerk, ex-gambler, ex-soldier of fortune, ex-lay prebendary of Patras, ex-duellist, and ex-Greek general"; now a merchant of Constantinople. He is commissioned by an old rascal of a Venetian friend to buy and forward a beautiful young female slave. He applies to a slave merchant, who, as it chances, has just come into possession of an extraordinary piece of merchandise. This is a girl of beauty that is remarkable (except in fiction), a supposed Greek, driven by the last extreme of destitution to sell herself into slavery for the sake of her mother and little brothers. Zeno, the Venetian, buys her in his own name, purposing to transfer the ownership at once to the friend who has given him the commission. This, for reasons which need not be specified, he finds himself unable to do. A bond of political interest presently unites Zeno and the girl, as well as the yet unacknowledged bond of personal sentiment. There follow certain adventures which would be thrilling if the pair did not obviously carry the usual hero-and-heroine insurance against actual calamity. In due time their plans succeed, the lady turns out to be a Venetian of gentle blood, and there is nothing further to detain us. Mr. Crawford is one of the most skilful of entertainers, and it would doubtless be ungracious for criticism to deplore his increasing tendency to lighten the quality of his entertainment.

The Heart of the West. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Company.

After the intrinsic delicacy and fancy of "The Four Million," Mr. Porter's new volume of short stories is a distinct disappointment. Clever it is; Mr. Porter can hardly fail to be that, but cheaply clever, mistaking grotesqueness for humor, exaggeration for animal spirits, and too often ending in a trick, a cheap surprise. His vocabulary, so agreeable in "The Four Million" and in "Cabbages and Kings," here seems overstocked. His Texan cow punchers talk like intoxicated dictionaries, old-fashioned negro minstrels, and the advance agents of a wild west show. Where his little vignettes of New York teemed with the nicest observation (however comically expressed), the present stories are full of the kind of situation known only to fiction—tramps turned into industrious if playful ranchmen, reclaimed jockeys, long lost fathers. Perhaps the Southwest may really produce these miracles, but if this be true to life, it is to Mr. Porter's over-ornate treatment that his Petes, Curries, and Bildad Roses owe their theatrical air of improbability.

The whole collection might be taken as an example of how conventional and tiresome the raciest slang may grow, when used in excess, as a means of enlivening flimsy and carelessly conceived commonplaces. If a new young man from nowhere had produced "Telemachus: Friend," or "The Seats of the Haughty," the stories might have passed as faintly amusing and as possessing a certain vitality. But judged by the standard of his own work, by that delicate prelude to "The Green Door" with its happy and charming imagery, Mr. Porter has fallen upon a moment of reaction when instead of growing into a more genial Maupassant (as we all hoped), he has lapsed into a mixture of fables in slang

and stock melodrama. It is not credible that so individual and delightful a talent should be so soon spent. At a time when such quality as he has shown is rare, Mr. Porter must take that talent a trifle more seriously.

In High Places. By Dolores Bacon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

After her taking skit, "The Diary of a Musician," Mrs. Bacon has reached that point so fateful to American novelists, the parting of the ways, where her next novel must definitely decide whether she is to develop further, or rest content with an active invention and a fairly fresh way of putting things.

"In High Places" deals with the typical American husband of the kind who makes millions untold for his wife to squander, receiving little or nothing in return. Contrasted with this unfair division of labor, the family of his partner, the Jewish banker, stands in happy relief. Indeed, the best touches throughout—even if verging upon caricature—lie in the domestic scenes between Wolfschön and his "Peeckie." The two sentimental German musicians, with all the qualities of Col. Newcome (of brain and heart) plus sausage and perpetual beer, are overdone, and too loosely knit into the story. The melodrama, with which their episode ends, strikes too violent a note, not, perhaps, for real life, but for a book of this kind. Nevertheless, the story shows more ability than the average novel, and an unexpected turn of phrase often whets the interest in perfectly commonplace matters.

The greatest surprise in the book, however, is brought about rather by deliberately misleading the reader than by deft manipulation of events, and this method of mystification is hardly legitimate. On the other hand, the scene where Rosalie refuses to divorce Drayton shows both power and imagination. The financial dealings, the Copper Trust, the failure of Hulot, are all kept well within bounds; while enough is told to set the machinery in motion, the reader is mercifully spared the tiresome minutiae of business. This book can therefore be classed as a description of the way in which certain people lived their lives, not as the history of a copper deal incidentally involving the evolutions of a few standard puppets. "In High Places," in fact, inspires a hope that Mrs. Bacon may go on rather than back, that she may succeed in ridding herself of the shopworn, obvious side of her talent, and by clearing her mind of a residue of stock phrases and characters, leave it free to receive her own unbackneyed and genuine impressions.

Lord Cammarleigh's Secret. By Roy Horniman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

By providing his novel with the sub-title, "A Fairy Story of To-day," the author has protected himself against any charges of improbability. Anthony Brooke, a vagabond actor, penniless, but possessed of clever wits, self-confidence, and unbounded ambition, wanders dejectedly through the rainy streets of London, until the never-failing golden moment comes to him. He passes close to the Marquis of Cammarleigh, catches the hunted look in his eyes, knows him for a coward, and, under a su-

preme impulse of audacity, taps him on the shoulder and observes, "I know your secret." Through the hold that this pretended knowledge gives him over the rebellious but easily terrorized marquis, Anthony establishes himself as private secretary and superintendent in his victim's ill-managed household; brings about economy and system where all had been anarchy; smooths out Lord Cammarleigh's social relations; wins his respect, if not his friendship; and, by sheer impudence, gains an introduction for himself into the most aristocratic circles of London. Eventually he is chosen member of Parliament from Cammarleigh-burgh, and wins the hand of the beautiful niece of the marquis. One may question the ethics of these transactions, even in a fairy story; but Anthony is a blackmailer of too droll and amiable a type to allow one to be greatly offended by his unwarrantable successes.

The Mediator. By Edward A. Steiner. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

In spite of faults of literary style, this novel is of unusual interest because of the scenes in which the action takes place. The story begins in Russian Poland and describes in a graphic way an anti-Semitic persecution. In consequence of the danger and suffering to which they were exposed, the principal characters emigrate to New York, and the author gives a realistic account of their life in the Jewish quarter. The book is evidently intended as an eirenicon to compose the differences of Jew and Gentile. Unfortunately the attitude taken with respect to both Christianity and Judaism is not of a kind to enlist the sympathy of the adherents of either creed. Where prejudices exist on the part of Jew or Christian, the cause is racial rather than religious; and Mr. Steiner, who is apparently a convert from the older faith, seems to underestimate the real difficulty which divides the Christian from the people who have given him the source and principle of his religious life.

The realistic parts of the narrative contain many offences against good taste; and these are the more to be regretted because the conception of the author is original, and he writes at times with dramatic power.

The High and Puissant Princess Marguerite of Austria. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

If only for Matthew Arnold's sake we should welcome this volume, since its heroine is the heart-broken widow who built the Church of Brou. It would be pedantic to point out the lapses from strict accuracy which occur in the course of the poem. The chief thing is that the Church of Brou furnishes as fine a subject for elegiacs as can be found—the hope of a life cut short, art brought to the service of true love, and the uplift which springs from an undying loyalty.

So rest, for ever rest, oh princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
Where horn, and bound, and vassals never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
From the rich painted windows of the nave,
On aisle and transept, and your marble grave.

The twain of whom Arnold sings thus

were, of course, Phillibert II., Duke of Savoy, and his faithful spouse, Marguerite of Austria. This princess was born to the Hapsburg line at a moment when its fortunes were about to reach their highest point. The motto of her grandfather, Frederick III., had been A. E. I. O. U.—"Austria est imperare omni universo." At the moment of its first utterance, this boast must have seemed to be fantastic nonsense, even on the lips of a holy Roman Emperor. But presently Maximilian married Mary of Burgundy, an alliance from which the European greatness of Frederick's descendants proceeded to spring. Philip, the first child, was born in 1478, and Marguerite, two years later. It only remained for Philip to wed Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Then, with the Empire, the Low Countries, and Spain brought into one confederacy, Frederick III.'s vaunt came as near realization as ever swelling words do come.

Mr. Hare, then, is well within the mark when he styles Marguerite of Austria a "high and puissant princess." The daughter of Maximilian, the aunt of Charles V., regent of the Netherlands and Princess Dowager of Spain, she takes rank among the foremost women of the sixteenth century—an age when many women left their mark on politics. Perhaps the clearest light to be shed upon her character comes from her motto, "Fortune, infortune, forte une." In these words, so much nobler than the jingo aspiration of her grandfather, may be seen the guiding star of her life, which was crowded with sorrow, responsibility, and pain of body. Dante's "Ben tragono al colpo di ventura" voices the same mood, but it may be doubted whether the Florentine exile had a heavier burden than the Hapsburg princess.

As a biographer, Mr. Hare has not quite learned the art of making political annals subservient to the interpretation of character. One important trait, however, he has raised in high relief. Marguerite was, above all things, loyal. True to her husband's memory, after a fashion almost unparalleled among the grand dames of that age, she was no less true to her father, Maximilian, and her nephew, Charles V. In the "Courtier" Castiglione praises her government of the Low Countries, but it was from no mere love of rule that she filled the regency of that troubled land. Devotion to the family interest ever came before the promptings which more naturally would have made her crave leisure and the life of the soul. Best of all, one can give in her own words the motive which dominated her acts from girlhood to death.

Tousjours loyal, quoy que advenne
En tout et partout l'homs doit estre,
Tant soit il seculier ou prestre;
Droit dit que loialté l'on tiennne.

Dieu veut certes qu'on s'acatreiennne
En fortune bonne ou senestre
Tousjours loyal.

Pouser le cas qui mes avienne
Et que le tout ne vient à dextre,
Je ne scay mieus du monde en l'estre
Pour l'homme for qui se mentienne
Tousjours loyal.

Marguerite of Austria is so fine a figure among princesses, showing how "even in a palace life may be well lived," that we have said more for her than of her biographer. Mr. Hare employs good mate-

rials, and keeps well in touch with Marguerite's correspondence, but much of his narrative is trite. This criticism must not be taken as wholesale depreciation, for it is a hard task to make princesses of the sixteenth century live again. Even Mary Stuart is a wooden personage in the hands of the generality, however gorgeous may be the adjectives employed. Mr. Hare has written a book which at the lowest appreciation is creditable. If at times his drawing is somewhat commonplace, it is because he has attempted a difficult form of portraiture. To be more categorical, our worst censure is directed against a style of composition which the following sentence will illustrate:

Poor lady! She can scarcely have expected a happy life as the wife of a prince on whom she was thus forced; an unwilling bridegroom, who had frittered away his affections on many objects, and was now entirely devoted to Mademoiselle d'Heilly, soon to become Duchesse d'Etampes, and his queen in all but name.

The Idylls and the Ages. By John F. Genung. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.

Inquiries and Opinions. By Brander Matthews. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Great Writers. By G. E. Woodberry. New York: The McClure Co. \$1.20 net.

Those readers who care for the academic exegesis of poetry will doubtless find much that is stimulating in Prof. John F. Genung's "The Idylls and the Ages," a booklet upon Tennyson's Arthurian cycle. Despite an ornamental, hardly legible page of type, and a correspondingly precious literary manner that deals with such choicely phrased matters as "Spiritual Dynamic in the Ages Poetry," "Complementary Arcs in the Life Orbit," and "Assessment of Residual Values," the essay will convey the sentiment and ethical implication of the "Idylls" with full fidelity to the earnest seeker. If it does not succeed in elucidating very clearly or freshly "the central thrust" of the cycle, it does at any rate give us a carefully meditated and elaborately phrased study of its qualities and composition. Our quarrel with it is chiefly for its literary cant and esoteric eloquence, its lack of the prose point of view; a lack that is too frequent in the writings of those preoccupied with the sympathetic "appreciation" of Victorian poetry.

Prof. Brander Matthews's latest volume of essays, "Inquiries and Opinions," is rather refreshing in its candid externality to "spiritual dynamics." The inquiries, which range from "Invention and Imagination" to "The Art of the Stage Manager," and the opinions, which are expressed upon such various subjects as Mark Twain and Maupassant, are the inquiries and opinions of a writer who is shrewd, clear-headed, well-informed, *au courant*, a craftsman. They are comparatively devoid of temperament, of the discursive touch, of charm; they afford us no unexpected lights or sudden vistas, but they furnish us many interesting facts and just observations set forth with singular lucidity and coherence.

In his volume of essays on "Great Writers," the peculiar critical genius of G. E. Woodberry is seen to exceptional advan-

tage. The papers have been trained down to an athletic sparseness. There is no quotation, no reference to authority, no rhetorical expatiation. Three great prose writers are treated, and three world poets, Cervantes, Scott, Montaigne; Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare. The short declarative sentence, the keen poetic phrase, these are the materials in which Mr. Woodberry has worked in painting his pictures of the minds of great writers. He approaches high matters with a subtle simplicity that lends a dignity to the texture of his prose, and reinforces his humane imagination with a singularly concrete and vivid sense of the individuality of historical periods. The essays upon the prose writers are perhaps a little more interesting and satisfactory than those upon the poets. In the latter case Mr. Woodberry is apt to catch a certain fervor from his subject that tends to make him rather the rhapsodist than the critic. Perhaps best of all is the essay on Cervantes, which is even lighted by some appropriate gleams of humor, a quality that has not always attended Mr. Woodberry's work. How compact and telling is this summary of the dramatic persons of "Don Quixote":

It is a book written in Spain as from the centre of the world, and this Spain was filled with its own folk; the race-mark of "the old Christian blood," of dark-skinned Moor and gypsy was stamped on them; they came forth in all their variety of life, hidalgo, bourgeoisie, picaresque, ducal, provincial, intellectual, young and old, good and bad, soldier, student, and priest, innkeepers, criminals, players, peasants, lovers, highways, barbers, carriers, judges, officials, doctors, menagerie-men, damsels, duennas—an endless list. Scarce any book has so many people in it. This mass is put in constant movement, which gives an unwearied liveliness to the scene. It is a book of life on the road. All the world is *en voyage*. The galley-slaves are there; even the dead are going a journey.

When Mr. Woodberry comes to subtler points of interpretation he is equally pregnant and provocative:

This strange madness of Don Quixote is comic in its accidents, in its circumstantial defeat, in its earthly environment; but in itself it is tragic. Its seat is in the very excellency of the soul; its illusions take body in the noblest human aims, the most heroic nature, and virtue of the purest strain. A madman has no character; but it is the character of Don Quixote that at last draws the knight out of all his degradations and makes him triumph in the heart of the reader. Modern dismay begins in the thought that here is not the abnormality of an individual, but the madness of the soul in its own nature.

There is a question whether Mr. Woodberry is not preoccupied a shade too much with the tragical aspects of the book, which, after all, must remain for nine readers out of ten, what it was for Hogarth and Fielding and Smollett, the world's great comic masterpiece; yet it is well for the tenth to have so convincing an analysis of the book as "the paradox of idealism."

The France of To-day. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Prof. Barrett Wendell brought back from his recent trip to France the material for a volume of impressions. He has not, and does not pretend to have, an acquaintance with the French based upon years of residence, as in the case of Philip Gil-

bert Hamerton and Miss Betham-Edwards, or upon years of travel like the magisterial Mr. Bodley. On the other hand, his book is fresher and more vivid than the painstaking and sometimes painful enucleation of French traits by W. C. Brownell. Professor Wendell made good use of his exceptionally favorable opportunities for observation. The French are slow to admit strangers to their family life, not necessarily, as sometimes suggested, from selfishness, but rather because of thrifty habits which have never made entertaining natural or convenient and have limited it to important functions, the Gargantuan marriage feasts of the peasants or the big dinner at a restaurant of the *bourgeoisie*. When, however, one occupies, as did the author of this book, a semi-official position, the chances for intercourse, however ceremonious, become correspondingly greater; and the opening chapter upon the universities introduces one to a side of French life unfamiliar to globe trotters on their way through France or to the manufacturers of literary guidebooks to the various provinces. From the universities the writer passes to those broader generalizations of which he is fond upon society, the French temperament, literature, religion, the Revolution, and the Republic.

The universities, as autonomous bodies, are indeed recent creations, though the provincial faculties have vegetated harmlessly for generations. The first glimpse into the world of scholarship opens the eyes of the tourist, who takes the Frenchman for a loiterer, and who judges him by an occasional Latin Quarter students' effervescence. Industry is unrelenting, in school through discipline, and in the higher studies through competition. Thus the danger which the French scholar must avoid is quite as much that of becoming a *rat de bibliothèque* as a *fâneur*.

The American academic missionary apparently received a cordial welcome everywhere, and the rose-colored impressions which he experienced seem to have permeated his vision of French life and character. Every nation has some blot upon its scutcheon, and that of France is so conspicuous and so openly flaunted by the French themselves to the world, that it is well to hear a defender speak for them. Explanation is, however, only partial excuse. It may give some satisfaction to know that the bitter hostilities which justify the saying, *Gallus Gallo lupus*, and have made French political life unspeakable, are due to excessive indulgence in *a priori* reasoning; it is an intellectual soothing syrup, rather than a moral gratification, to hear that the French novel and drama do not represent life and that France is full of happy homes. This explanation does not make French political life more endurable or French fiction more palatable. The Frenchman's judgment of a book is entirely intellectual, and concerns its value as a work of art without moral prepossessions. But a whole literature cannot be unrelated to a national life, in the portrayal of which even the sedate and Protestant *Temps* would often be able to make the British matron stare and gasp.

The chief explanation of so-called French immorality lies in the fact that the influence of woman begins only with marriage. Nobody charges French women with being

immoral, and M. Brioux, in his recent play, "La Française," set up a man of straw in his American who could not believe in their virtue. Our own society may be over-feminized, as critics maintain: the Frenchman never fears social ostracism from the time he is released from school and family discipline until marriage, however contrary to moral convention his conduct. French women have themselves to blame for not exacting from men a stricter reckoning.

An important merit of Professor Wendell's study lies in his realization of the fact that the French temperament is essentially a logical one, and has been so ever since scholastic philosophy made its home in the rue de Fouarre. The Frenchman determines a course of action by a *priori* reason, and carries it to its conclusions regardless of other facts or theories. It was in the name of ideals of humanity that the murders of the French Revolution were perpetrated by a "sea green incorruptible"; it was in the belief that the legal *chose jugée* should be maintained that Dreyfus, guilty or not, was to be left to die in exile. Literature, therefore, becomes a vehicle chiefly for the enunciation of theories. M. Brioux, in one of his most notorious plays, does not even give individual names to his characters; poetry tends to be the embodiment of some symbol, the epic perished in the classical age under the weight of allegorical moralizing; and criticism often builds magnificent *palais d'idées*, though their foundations totter on the shifting sands of controversy.

Professor Wendell's book is both entertaining and profitable, and can be recommended as an introduction to the study of the French character.

The Spirit of Old West Point. By Morris Schaff. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3 net.

Since the fateful days of the civil war, in whose fiery furnace the graduates of West Point won anew their right to the nation's confidence, there has been no volume which so happily and truthfully pictures the life of the little military colony on the Hudson as that of Morris Schaff. With depth of feeling, a kindly charity, and generous pride, he recites the story of the average boy of his day and generation in his progress through the model of military schools the world over. Scattered through the pages are glimpses of the careers of many of the graduates whose blood has tinged our fields of battle over the wide expanse of a Continent. The author was a cadet when the civil war broke out, and his description of scenes and incidents of those trying days, when some of the lads at the academy were following older heads back to the South to join the Confederacy, throws new light upon an historic era. There are several pathetic descriptions of meetings of opposing classmates and friends on the battlefields and in hospitals. No words of bitterness; each fought for the right as he saw it, fought as became him who had worn the gray coat under the spreading elms on the bank of the Hudson.

Describing the receipt of his own appointment in an Ohio country district, his journey to and arrival at West Point, the author says:

The sensations of the new cadet when he reaches the Plain linger a long while. There are two West Points—the actual West Point, and the overarching spiritual one, of which the cadet only becomes conscious about the time when he graduates. The determinate West Point that is to be his master for four years, and the shaper of his destiny, meets him at the top of the slope with ominous silence. He hears no voice, he sees no portentous figure, but there is communicated in some way, through some medium, the presence of an invisible authority, cold, inexorable, and relentless. Time never wears away this first feeling; it comes back to every graduate on returning to West Point, let his years and his honors be what they may. And perhaps it is just as well that it is so; that there is one place left in our country where the vanity of asserted ancestry, and the too frequent arrogance of speculative, purse-proud, and fortuitous commercial leadership find a chill.

To hazing the author refers in much the same spirit that pervades most old graduates who are not on duty at the academy:

When I reported, it was running full tide, and while it made life sufficiently miserable for me, yet, as I look back over it all, smiles rather than frowns gather. At the risk of being charged as a covert advocate, I must say that it was a mighty leveler in my day; and that the fellow who got it worst and most frequently, if he did not deserve it, at least courted it by some lofty manner of resented witticism. To be sure, sometimes a profoundly rural simplicity, some queer wild look, tone of voice, or manner, would get faithful, if not undue, attention.

The course at West Point has come in for more or less criticism at various periods because of the paucity of literature and history and the excess of mathematics and philosophy. Concerning this argument the author says that the graduates have "worthily met the mighty problems of war." And he holds that West Point "is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning." And it may be that the very bareness and rigor of the course, the neglect of those studies which are supposed to cultivate intellectual grace and amenity, have a direct and potent effect in the development of straightforwardness in character.

Upon this effect of West Point the author dwells at length. He notes among the immediate personal influences which are, so to speak, the initial processes of the spirit of West Point for transforming new cadets into officers, "the stimulating effects which come with wearing the uniform, with the mastery of one's motions in walking, marching, or entering the presence of a superior, with the constant regard to neatness and the habit of scrupulous truth-telling," and he adds:

Moreover, there is something uplifting in finding one's self among high-minded equals, and in realizing that in your superiors is lodged one of the most important functions of government—the right and power of command. Then, too, the cadet begins to be conscious of the exclusive and national distinction of the Military Academy. Very soon, the monuments, the captured guns, and dreaming colors—which at the outset are mere interesting, historic relics—beckon to him; he feels that they have something to say. Before he leaves West Point they have given him their message, revealing from time to time to his vision that field from which lifts the radiant mist called glory.

It would be easy to quote many more passages in the same tone; a tone which is at times more sentimental than one would expect from the stern man of war. But this very characteristic is a fresh illustration

of that warm affection which every one of generous temper feels for the teachers and even the material buildings and grounds of the institution where he experienced his great awakening as his youth flowered into manhood. Without further quotation or comment it is enough to say that this book presents an interesting and vivid description of this discipline, physical, mental, and moral, by which a boy acquires "the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman."

Science.

EXPERIMENTS IN EVOLUTION.

The Zoölogical Society of London has to its credit a long array of scientific Proceedings and Transactions well known the world over, but the Zoölogical Society of our own city, owing to its work of preparing the Zoölogical Park for the public, has thus far published only its *Bulletin*, popular in nature, and the quasi-scientific articles in the Annual Report. Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Zoölogica*, the scientific publication of the society, has just appeared, containing a forty-page article on "Geographic Variation in Birds, with Special Reference to the Effects of Humidity," by C. William Beebe, curator of birds. The article is based on experiments carried on with living birds, at the Zoölogical Park during the past six years. The results are of considerable interest, especially from the point of view of evolution and the external factors which influence the formation of species. This field of experiment is almost untouched, and if future research yields as unlooked-for results as are detailed in this article, it will prove well worth cultivation.

It has been known for years that many mammals, birds, and reptiles inhabiting a humid region show a much darker coat, or increased pigmentation of the hair, feathers, or scales, than do individuals from dryer localities. In fact, subspecies and full species are often based on such characters as these. In a wild state the wood thrush varies but slightly, being a highly migratory bird. In humid Guatemala, however, the spots on the breast of these birds are said to be of unusual size and color. In one of Mr. Beebe's experiments three normally colored young wood thrushes were taken from a nest in the spring of 1902, and reared by hand. One was confined in a humid atmosphere, where it lived until August 20, 1904. This bird had become radically different in color from its fellows, especially on the breast and sides. The dark spots had increased greatly in size, in some places becoming almost confluent. The wing and tail feathers, on the contrary, showed marked albinism.

The white-throated sparrow is like the thrush, in showing little or no geographical variation in a wild state. Two of these sparrows were trapped from the same flock in October, 1901, both young males. One was kept outdoors under normal conditions, and the other confined in a super-humid atmosphere. In October, 1904, after the winter moult was completed, both birds were chloroformed. The former is in perfectly normal plumage; the latter is almost mahogany colored. There is an increase of black and rufous, and a reduction or ob-

literation of yellow, buff, gray, and white. The gray of the breast is unchanged except for a number of broad streaks of dark brown, which are confluent in a large black pectoral spot. Although any theory based upon such meagre data must be tentative, yet it is interesting to note that a similar pattern of streaks and spot is characteristic of the first winter plumage. The experiment of Mr. Beebe hints at atavism, or a latent tendency to reacquire pigment in the juvenile pattern. If the melanistic thrush and sparrow were found wild, no systematist would hesitate an instant in designating them as new and well-defined species.

Part V., by far the most important division of the paper, deals with the inca, or ecaly doves (Scardafella). After demonstrating the geographical gradation of certain color characteristics in the wing and tail feathers of wild birds, those under experiment are discussed. The summary of the effects of humidity on these birds is given under ten brief paragraphs:

- (1.) When typical specimens of Scardafella inca (the pale northern desert form) are confined in a superhumid atmosphere, a radical change in the pigmentation of the plumage takes place with each succeeding annual moult.
- (2.) A change, apparently similar in extent and direction, results from an artificially induced monthly renewal of the feathers.
- (3.) The change at the first annual moult brings the bird close to the *S. inca dialucos* type.
- (4.) At the second annual moult, the plumage approximates either the Brazilian type or the typical *S. ridgwayi*, the succeeding changes being unrepresented by wild species of the genus.
- (5.) Intrinsically, the change is at first a segregation and intensification of the melanin, resulting in a clearing up and extension of the white or whitish areas.
- (6.) A period of equilibrium later ensues, until the increase of melanin is such that it begins to encroach on the white area; this continuing until all trace of white has disappeared.
- (7.) Coincident with this intense blackening of the plumage part of the epidermis, occurs an increase of pigment of the choroid coat of the eye.
- (8.) When the concentration of the melanin has reached a certain stage, a change in color occurs, from dull dark brown or black to a brilliant iridescent bronze or green.
- (9.) This iridescence reaches its highest development on the wing-coverts, and inner secondaries, where in many genera of tropical and subtropical doves, iridescence most often occurs.
- (10.) All these changes take place by continuous variations, and there is no change of color without moult.

The significance of these changes in regard to the direction of evolution, and their correlation with natural selection, taxonomy, and organic selection, are then discussed. These interesting discoveries certainly furnish a significant clue for the bridging of a great gap in our scientific knowledge. The fact that such radical changes in appearance can be brought about—not only by the well-known method of careful selection through many generations, and with definite exclusion of the very improbable theory of change of color in the plumage without moult—but by comparatively rapid, cumulative, apparently orthogenetic, acquired variations, may force a revision of our ideas as to the length of time necessary for the formation of new races and species, when these are based on color characters alone; and this

without the aid of De Vries's theory of mutation by one profound saltation.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter, widely known as a voluminous writer on medical subjects, and his son Dr. J. A. Cutter in "Food: Its Relation to Health and Disease" (New York: Gazette Publishing Co.), present some pertinent facts about foods and a large amount of opinion, much of it rather too subjective for general use. To the insistent publisher is attributed the curtailment of the book (384 pages) as well as the banishment of numerous illustrations to the obscurity of a safety vault until they are wanted. What remains embodies rather peculiar views on many matters, among others as to nitrogen (which cannot be "a forceless, negative thing, as conventionally taught, so long as dynamite and over five hundred other explosives, as listed in the 'Standard Dictionary,' depend on nitrogen in themselves or in the air for their explosive properties"), and the "animalization" of fungi in relation to disease. Under foods are included mental or spiritual foods with the explanation that "mental kingdom foods are music, speech, ideas, knowledge, arithmetic, grammar, literature," a comprehensive group. Under each food will be found a few statements concerning its composition and preparation and a discussion of its goodness or badness, its sustaining power, its relation to the "aesthetic" test, the influence of fashion, and yet other relations. Thus we learn, concerning salt, for example:

Salt is an aesthetic in that it gives pleasure and satisfaction to eaters; the shell heaps of the whole Atlantic Coast of the United States evidence the gusto with which the aborigines ate soft shell clams; one cannot conceive of a clam-bake being un-aesthetic (un-aesthetic). Why is the clam called festive? Why did the 1900 national convention of undertakers have a clam-bake in the cemetery at Sharon, Mass., if not pleasurable, for of all men undertakers are most careful of their ethics, and what would clams be without the salt?

Sheep and lamb have spiritual value making for "meekness, submission, innocence, mildness, and patience," but the bean, the ordinary baked bean—low be it spoken—is bad, being "a homely domestic un-aesthetic dish to set before one's guestless family" and otherwise dangerous, for "had New Englanders ate the right kind of properly cooked baked beans, perhaps there would not have been so many theological antagonisms in that favored land."

Some four years ago A. Forel wrote a book on the hygiene of the nervous system. Two years later a second edition appeared, and this has now been translated for the Science Series by H. A. Alkins, with the titles "Nervous and Mental Hygiene: Hygiene of Nerves and Mind in Health and Disease" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The work is a clear and sensible treatment of the questions involved, and deserves to be widely read. In the first part there is an entertaining outline of the author's view of mental phenomena, and of the relation of mind to brain, a singularly brief but neat and clean cut account of the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, and an illuminating consideration of development and of the significance of the Darwinian doctrines and the mnemonic engraphy of Semon. Forel takes the monistic point of view with a frankness which seems to cause

the translator some anxiety. The second part treats of the pathology of the nervous life, the essentials being presented in a masterly manner. In discussing the etiology Forel lays, of course, much stress on the influence of alcohol. This was to be expected from his well-known attitude and his courageous insistence on his convictions. The question might be raised, however, whether he has not here and there put the horse behind the cart. Nervous hygiene in the most general sense is treated in the last third of the book, and a vastly instructive treatment it is, too. Exercise and rational living, work rather than drugs, are the important agencies in warding off disturbances of the nervous action, and here "public, or rather social, hygiene should everywhere be superior to individual hygiene when there is a conflict between them," as there often is. There is also much suggestive discussion of many problems: school, family, the Sunday question, worry, the meaning of "natural," and yet others. The translation is exceptionally smooth and fluent; in fact many paragraphs have a rather remarkable quality of fresh and crisp rendering. *Homo supersapiens* is almost the only slip in the proofreading that attracts attention.

Prof. Asaph Hall, the astronomer, connected for many years with the naval service, died on November 23. He was born in 1829, and after an interrupted and irregular course of study he went to Cambridge in 1857 to work in the Harvard Observatory. In 1862 he entered the Washington Naval Observatory, where he remained till his retirement in 1891. During these years he headed many government astronomical expeditions and made numerous discoveries, notably in 1877, when he observed the two moons of Mars, which he named Deimos and Phobos. In 1895 he returned to Harvard as a professor of astronomy. Professor Hall was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, a foreign member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and held membership and offices in other learned societies.

Drama.

The Ibsen Secret. By Jeannette Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

This little book is chiefly remarkable for its ingenuity in the exposition of a futile theory and its radical misconception of what constitutes dramatic merit. It might be dismissed with brief mention—for it has nothing new or significant to say in the way of either criticism or interpretation—if it were not so entirely representative of the attitude of a large class of professed Ibsen worshippers, who have more enthusiasm than discrimination. Saner Ibsenites, of course, are content to base their admiration of "the master" upon his extraordinary skill as a playwright, his vigor and insight as a social satirist, his sturdy courage as a champion of the rights of free will, his hatred of all compromise, and his gifts of poetic imagination. More flat nonsense, perhaps, has been uttered on the subject of his symbolism than on any other of his attributes, real or imaginary, and it is by this that Miss Lee has been chiefly inspired, or misled.

Many essayists before her have probed, to their own satisfaction, and proclaimed the meaning of many of his alleged mysteries, and her contention is that each of the social plays is constructed around one central symbol, a knowledge of which is essential to a proper understanding of the work. Thus the Tarantelle is the key to "A Doll's House," the pistol to "Hedda Gabler," Eyolf and his crutch to "Little Eyolf," the climbing of the tower to "The Master Builder," the hospital to "Ghosts," and so forth. Her solutions may be right in every instance—and it is only fair to say that her arguments are ingenious and show familiarity with the subject—but they are of the smallest possible consequence. She is mistaken in supposing that the employment of symbolism is in itself a proof of genius, that it is a fresh device in fiction of any kind, or that the value of drama is necessarily increased by it. A symbolism which is far-fetched, or obscure, or is capable of half a dozen different interpretations, is useless, especially in drama. Ibsen himself always denied that his plays were symbolical, probably because he knew that anybody with the least power of imagination could find symbolism in everything, and was unwilling that his deeper meaning, when he had one, should be weakened or distorted by every amateur commentator. None of them, it may be noted, have thrown much light upon what he left dark. As for Miss Lee's dictum that symbolism is clearer to the spectator in a theatre than to the reader in a library, few persons will accept it. Imagination has no free flight on the stage.

The suggestion that in "When We Dead Awaken," Ibsen made confession of his own mistake and failure in deserting poetry and idealism for prose and realism is more ingenious than convincing. His egoism would have prevented him from suspecting himself of being actuated by that spirit of compromise which he so unsparingly denounced. Moreover, he could scarcely have associated his prose plays, to which he owed nearly all he had of fame or fortune, with the thought of failure. But that his last play is full of retrospective allusion to his own work has been generally admitted.

Our attention has been called to errors in our review, October 17, of Dr. H. H. Furness's Variorum Edition of "Antonie and Cleopatra," viz.: that in his Preface he makes an "outburst against the study of Shakespeare's source," and that his prefaces "are not always to be taken as representing the editor's sober and fixed opinion; for they occasionally contradict that opinion as expressed in the body of the volumes." On a re-examination of the book we are bound to say that Dr. Furness in this Preface does not exclaim against the study of sources, but does protest against the misleading prepossession sometimes carried from such study into the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters. There is therefore no discrepancy between such a protest and Dr. Furness's own study of sources in the body of the volume. It is hardly necessary to say that we deeply regret having done injustice to Dr. Furness's monumental work.

Whoever wishes a daily reminder of Goethe will find the "Goethe Kalender"

for 1908 (an importation of G. E. Stechert & Co.) just the thing. There are eight pictures of Mephistopheles by Theodor Weicher, and twenty or more studies of the Mephistophelian Devil by Hermann Posadt, Weiser, Lewinsky, Fr. Alexander, and other star-actors. The book is ornamented by E. R. Weisz, Karl Bauer, and Hans N. Busse, and is tastefully printed. The number of German calendars this year exceeds all that of previous seasons.

If symbolism be, as some writers seem to hold, a great virtue, "The Toy-maker of Nuremberg," which was produced in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, might lay claim to a place of high distinction as drama. Ostensibly it is as simple a little story as has ever found its way to the footlights; but for those who search for hidden meanings, it is full of suggestion. Briefly, it shows how an old toy-maker is ruined by the substitution of Teddy bears for dolls, as the pets of childhood, and how he is restored to happiness and prosperity by his son, who knew how to take advantage of the popular craze and profit by a fashion which his father despised. The bears, of course, may plausibly be accepted as types of the rapacity and greed which work evil in a community which has outgrown the innocence of toys. But, apart from its moral, or satirical references, this little piece by Austin Strong is notable for its simple pathos and humor, as well as its blend of romance and realism. Although conventional and perfectly transparent in construction, it is strong in human interest, and proves that dramatic situations are not dependent upon abnormal motives. It was well received, on the whole, by a first-night audience, but was less successful than it deserves to be because some of the principal actors, especially W. J. Ferguson, were incapable of giving full and unaffected expression to the simple humor and pathos of vital scenes. They spoiled the effect by an elaboration of artifice which was entirely out of place in a piece depending for its illusions upon complete sincerity. The representation is likely to improve with rehearsals; but, in any case, is well worthy the attention of those desiring thoroughly wholesome and attractive entertainment.

Music.

THE WEEK AT THE OPERA.

The number of popular operas is so limited that one must welcome every effort to relieve the monotony, even when the experiment turns out as disastrously as did the recent production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur." Much more successful was the first production here, on Monday, of Massenet's "Thais," at the Manhattan. It cannot be denied that Massenet writes too much, and that his music not infrequently is theatrical rather than dramatic; yet his operas are vastly more interesting than most of Puccini's or those of the other contemporary Italians; and Mr. Hammerstein must be commended for giving prominence to the modern French repertory as a counterweight to the Metropolitan's Italianism. "Thais" is not a new opera; it was first sung in 1894 in Paris, where the title rôle

was created by Sibyl Sanderson. Another American, Mary Garden, renewed its life, and for her sake, primarily, it has been produced in this city. It is based on one of the novels of Anatole France, and is concerned with the adventures of Athanasios, an early Christian monk, who goes to Alexandria to rescue the soul of Thais, the beautiful and profligate actress. He succeeds, and she dies a saint, but not until her charms have wiped all traces of saintliness from his soul. It is an effective story for operatic purposes, and Massenet has made good use of it. If he fails to rise to a great dramatic climax his music, on the other hand, is never dull; there is always something in the melody, harmony, or orchestral coloring to keep the attention. None of the music is deliberately Egyptian, like some of the melodies in "Aida"; but there is quaint Oriental coloring in some of the scenes. The influence of "Parsifal" on the musical portraiture of Athanasios is frequently apparent. M. Renaud's impersonation of this rôle was fascinatingly realistic. Miss Garden relies largely on her personal charms—as, indeed, in this opera, she must to make the monk's apostasy plausible. Her voice is serviceable, without being remarkable for beauty or cultivation. As an actress she revealed talent of a high order.

It is not often that a bass singer becomes as popular as a tenor. Even Edouard de Reszke, consummate artist though he was, never quite achieved the same eminence—or the same emoluments—as his brother Jean. Lablache is a conspicuous exception; and may be Theodore Chaliapine, who made his American début at the Metropolitan Opera House last week as Mephistopheles in Boito's opera of the same name, will prove another. He is a Russian endowed with one of those huge voices which are a characteristic of that country, and he has made a sensation in every city where he has so far appeared. Yet he is said to have learned only four rôles, his specialty being operatic devils—the hero of Rubinstein's "The Demon," and the Mephistopheles in several of the Faust operas. Judging by the attitude of the Metropolitan audience, all of these operas will get a new lease of life through his diabolical impersonation. That impersonation, in Boito's opera, lacks the subtlety, the sarcasm, the humor to which other artists have accustomed us, but theatrically it is extremely picturesque and effective. Chaliapine won a genuine success despite the annoying claque which applauded him at the wrong places, and the weakness of Boito's opera, the prologue of which has more inspiration in it than all the rest of the score. Miss Geraldine Farrar lent the charm of her art to the rôle of Margherita, and the occasion was further made notable by the début of Ricardo Martin, a Kentuckian, who proved to be a genuine high-class operatic tenor. In the early scenes he seemed to be merely an unusually good lyric singer, but in the prison scene he thrilled the audience with splendid outbursts of dramatic passion.

One often hears the expression "Bayreuth in New York" when a Wagner opera is particularly well done here, but as a matter of fact, neither Bayreuth nor Munich is likely to offer so strong a cast as that which sang "Die Meistersinger" on Saturday night

at the Metropolitan Opera House. The list included Knoté, Van Rooy, Goritz, and Reiss, beside Gadsby as Eva; nor have those German cities a conductor who can bring out better the poetry and the eloquence of Wagner's scores than we have in Hertz, whose only fault is that he sometimes overlooks Wagner's injunction to conductors not to forget that there are only a few singers pitted against a whole band of players. It is reported that Weingartner, on assuming his new functions as intendant of the Imperial Opera in Vienna the other day, intimated that he intended, among other things, to emphasize the comedy side of Wagner's opera. In view of that, it would not be safe at this moment to expatiate on the extremely funny Beckmesser of Goritz (who kept the audience laughing loudly) for fear that Weingartner might bribe him to leave us. He is the best Beckmesser we have ever had.

No pianist but Paderewski would have dared to do what he did at his second Carnegie Hall concert, when he devoted half of his programme to two sonatas, one of them his own Opus 21, new to the public, the other the great B minor sonata of Liszt, seldom played, and difficult of comprehension. But the Polish pianist is fortunately so popular that he can afford to suit himself, knowing that the public will fill the hall, no matter how he fills the bill. His sonata proved to be a work of a depth which few can have fathomed at a first hearing, even with the advantage of the composer's own lucid and passionate interpretation. In this sonata there is much musical thought and much musical beauty, especially in the placid andante which separates the surging opening allegro from the rapid and dazing final movement. After the two sonatas Paderewski played a group of Chopin pieces in which he revealed a masculinity of that composer which contrasted strikingly with the feminine Chopin of Vladimir de Pachmann's recent recital in the same hall.

The twelfth volume of the superb edition of the musical works of Rameau is given over entirely to the opera ballet "Platée." This had a single representation at the Versailles court for the Dauphin's marriage in 1745 and a short run at the Paris Opéra in 1749. It has been reconstituted for orchestra and piano, and, by a just revenge of time, is ready for present-day lyric theatres. The place of Rameau in the history of music is now recognized. This piece has another interest. Coppel's famous painting in the Louvre of the male singer dressed up as a nymph is a portrait of Jélyotte, who took the comic part between Jupiter and jealous Juno. A reproduction of this picture, with contemporary frontispiece of the ballet and caricature of Rameau, are included in the present volume, which the editor has made an historical document.

The original manuscript of one of Beethoven's most important compositions (Opus 120) is offered by the great Leipzig bookseller, Karl W. Hiersemann, for 42,000 marks. It is described as consisting of 42 leaves, each having eight staves on each side, except leaf No. 1, which has sixteen staves on each page. The last three pages are blank.

Art.

On Art and Artists. By Max Nordau; translated by W. F. Harvey. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Dr. Nordau has apparently changed some of his opinions since he ran amuck through modern art in "Degeneration," but he is the same man as ever. His present work shows all his old self-confidence, his old facility of blundering and his supreme contempt for every one else, expressed in his old wealth of vituperative epithet. "The brazen foreheads of the babblers who have the chief say in the art criticism of the time"; "the consequential, high-stepping, deep-thinking drivell of professional and other chattering, who, to hide their dearth of thought, turn out new words"; "the babbling empty heads, with their pretentious threshing of phrases"; these are a few of his gems of language. And as he mentions no writer in any other terms, we are forced to conclude that these descriptions are intended to cover all writers on art except himself.

His change of opinion is most clearly marked in the case of Puvis de Chavannes. A reader of "Degeneration" rubs his eyes when he finds Max Nordau saying of the last picture of the Saint Gèneviève cycle that it is "a masterpiece" and that in seizing "once more on the . . . theme which had occupied him from the days of his youth [he was fifty-two years old when he began it!], he found again some of the power and unction which secures to its predecessors their glorious place in the century's art." It is true that, to save his face, Nordau still denounces Puvis's pale coloring as "morbid" and his allegories as "childish" and "pretentious"; but as Nordau finds Whistler's tendency to black and gray a proof of extreme sensitiveness to color and has nothing but praise for Carrière, who banished color entirely, one cannot take the first of these criticisms very seriously. The second amounts to the expression of a dislike for ideal subjects. The former "degenerate" has become an "academic" painter and a "descendant of Cornelius"; Nordau's explanation of his change of front is that "Puvis de Chavannes is dead, and his influence is dying . . . So it is no longer necessary to attack him. . . . Now his appreciation no longer requires polemical pricks, and we can say"—a part of the truth. One could hardly wish for a franker confession that "Degeneration" was a piece of polemics, and that its elaborate apparatus was perfected merely to supply missiles to throw at whatever the author happened to dislike.

That apparatus having served its turn, is now abandoned. What would once have been evidences of one knows not what aberration are now, in the essay on Bright and Dark Painting, set down, much more plausibly, to the necessity for an artist "exhibiting where his work will be one of two thousand . . . to be as different as possible from these . . . to make a striking impression among them." Mental disease in the artist has thus been succeeded by commercial shrewdness as a cause of changing tendencies in art.

But Dr. Nordau is capable of even more startling changes of opinion than those already mentioned, for they take place inside

the covers of this one volume. On pp. 119 and 120 Renoir's pictures in the Caillebotte collection are treated very cavalierly. With him "Monet's joy in light becomes . . . an affectation . . . His two Young Girls at a piano of the color of cranberry syrup; his nude figure of a woman, on whose skin lights and shadows play so unfortunately that she looks as if beaten black and blue, in places even . . ." [we spare the reader the rest] "seek rather to disconcert than to convince us by their unwonted tones." His *Girl Reading* "is a simple aberration." And lest we should think that Renoir and the other painters represented in this collection may have better pictures elsewhere, we are expressly told that "every verdict on impressionism based on this room is an adequately grounded verdict, against which the attempted higher appeal to I know not what unknown work must be rejected." Yet on p. 259 is a short essay devoted to Renoir in which we hear of "refreshing, individualized beauty," of "mother-of-pearl flesh," of pictures that are "simply charming"; and the conclusion of it is that "he who has the same feeling as Renoir for roses and children is not only a great painter, but also a good and noble man."

We had marked a number of similar inconsequences, but it is hardly necessary to quote them. It is more interesting to take up another side of Nordau's versatility. He gives, with absolute confidence, an account of the origin of Whistler's butterfly, sneering at those who have not understood it. "They just had no eyes; they could not see." This is his explanation:

The butterfly is nothing but the first letter of Whistler's name—a big W. A Gothic, ornamental W with the two side lines bellied out and a bar in the middle reminds one strikingly of a soaring butterfly with its cylindrical body between its outstretched wings. The definite association of ideas from similarity of form made Whistler, as he painted the W of his signature, think of a butterfly, and he henceforth formed this picture, that was fuller in expression, disregarding the original letter, which seemed to him balder and more meaningless. The butterfly came to the front more and more as the W went further and further back, and it is possible that at last Whistler himself forgot the point from which he started.

We have, for once, given the passage in full, because it is extremely characteristic. It is founded on precisely nothing. Speaking under correction, and from some knowledge of Whistler's works, we state that Whistler never signed with a simple W; that he never used in his signature a Gothic W or a W in any way resembling a butterfly; that the butterfly first appears on canvases which also bear the name Whistler in full; and that in its first form, the butterfly bears no resemblance whatever to a Gothic W, such resemblance being only to be imagined in its final form. The artist himself drew "the evolution of the butterfly" on a sheet which was in the Memorial Exhibition held by the Copley Club of Boston, and that sheet is the most perfect possible refutation of Nordau's theory.

But this is not the only instance of the doctor's knowing things about Whistler which he himself had "forgotten." "From the severe, painfully upright school of Gleyre," says Nordau, "he went forth a master of drawing, as of the outline of corporeality of three dimensions seen stereoscopically." The definition is convin-

cing, but how soon the master "forgot" his mastery is shown by his celebrated letter to Fantin in which he laments his "fearful want of education," and regrets that he was not a pupil of Ingres that he might have learned to draw. We may note also that Dr. Nordau has a keen nose for indecency, and finds it both where it is and where no one else perceives it—in the decorative fantasies of J. W. Alexander, for instance.

If the book were all like the passages commented upon, one might be pardoned for wishing for the doctor's own vocabulary in characterizing it; but it is not. On the contrary, there are many bits of shrewd criticism and many remarks the soundness of which leads one, temporarily, to think of the author as of a person really equipped with some judgment and knowledge of his subject, until the next incredible caprice upsets the notion and leaves one wondering what Nordau would be at and what is the real basis of his confidently pronounced opinions. He becomes an interesting study and tempts one to the formation of what he himself would call a "psychology of Nordau." What one finds in him is a sort of enraged bourgeois. Behind the rash and impulsive journalist, convinced that his own tastes are infallible measures of artistic worth, is the man of hard common sense, with a perfectly respectable liking for the definite, the bright, the finished, and the recognizable; loathing abstraction only less than vagueness; caring naturally only for that in art which represents what he sees very much as he sees it; but convinced that art has a "social mission," and that it ought to fulfil it. As bourgeois common sense is right nine times out of ten, Nordau would be right much oftener than he is, however incapable of understanding some of the finest things in art, were it not for the disturbing influence of this conviction about a social mission, which has nothing to do with the case. It is because he thinks Millet socialistic that Nordau admires him—a painter whose art he so completely misunderstands that he can say, "In technique, Millet follows the Dutch," and whose grand abstraction of style is the antipodes of what he naturally cares for. It is because he scents a socialistic purpose that he can praise Constantin Meunier for a figure which he calls "a reminiscence of the famous Les Foins of Bastien-Lepage," though in Bastien himself he can see nothing but a "debased realism" "which does not spare us a single finger-nail in mourning." It is because of the social tendency of their works that he can forgive, and even praise, the colorlessness and vagueness of Carrière and the sootiness of Cottet, and can even tolerate the pointillism of Henri Martin now and then, antipathetic though these things are to his natural tastes. When he has work to deal with which has no other purpose than that of appropriate and noble decoration, his natural antipathies are allowed free play; paleness of color, abstraction of form, and elevation of style are equally anathema to him.

But the essay on Gustave Moreau and one or two others, still remain to be accounted for, and it is difficult to account for them on any other ground than that their author wanted to show that he, too, could be "up-to-date" and esoteric. Perhaps it is a waste of time to try to find any principle of con-

sistency in his "wild and whirling words," and best to dismiss the book as a piece of sensationalism, or the expression of personal whim.

The translator is to be congratulated on his success in avoiding foreign idiom and in making his translation read like a piece of original and only too vigorous English.

The Société du Mercure de France issues with a portrait "Écrits et lettres choisies d'Eugène Carrière." His fragmentary writings on art occupy a little more than a third of the three hundred and fifty odd pages. To those who possess Charles Morice's excellent memoir, this volume brings rather little that is new. In particular, the letters are mostly too slight and occasional to justify the space they occupy. Yet those who concern themselves intimately with this remarkable painter and thinker will want this collection of his *pensées*. Here for example is the full text of his fine protest against restoration; the curious transcendental address on Art and Democracy, with its appendix, a scheme for a popular academy of the fine arts, and among the novelties a circumstantial account (p. 322) of Carrière's method of painting. Of pathetic and wider interest are the pencil conversations—his only means of communication in the last months. With one of these more memorable sayings (to Rodin) we must close:

I used to say, What! Always do the same thing? How get away from it? And then I had the revelation that one must remain the same, but grow greater, which is the true manner of attaining variety.

In the French handy series *Les Villes d'art célèbres*, special mention should be made of the "Versailles" by Pératé, with 149 illustrations. The average traveller's aimless, bewildered wandering to and fro in palaces and grounds discloses little of this richest collection of national splendors existing perhaps since the world began. In general, the thirty volumes of the series so far published are valuable as eye-openers. Some volumes are by authorities in their special field, like the "Florence," by Émile Gebhart of the French Academy, and the "Ravenna" and "Palermo and Syracuse" of Ch. Diehl.

Etchings by Jacquemart and wood engravings by Prunaire are being shown at the Lenox Library; and "auto-chrome" colored photographs, at the rooms of the Photo-Secessionists, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, till December 30. Paintings by C. Austin Needham are on exhibition at the New Gallery, No. 15 West Thirtieth Street, till December 7; early Italian and Spanish paintings at Ehrich's, December 15; paintings of the Dutch and French schools, Julius Oehme's; and paintings of the French school, Durand-Ruel's.

Finance.

THE DURATION OF SUSPENDED CREDIT.

The country has now been fully four weeks in a state of suspended credit—an extraordinarily long period for the virtual stopping of the wheels of finance, throughout the United States. The question is now being asked, with naturally increasing anxiety, How long can such a state of things continue?

It certainly cannot last much longer; and the reason is, not that some breakdown will occur, but that the machinery of relief is actively at work, and in the light of all precedent must soon bring the situation of the banks back to normal. A condition such as now exists has never, even in panics much worse than this, lasted more than a few weeks. The present crisis can scarcely compare for violence with that of 1857. In that year, the New York banks suspended specie payments on October 14; they resumed full payments on December 12, and they did this because they had received sufficient gold from England. In 1873, the New York banks issued loan certificates on September 19; on the same day the Stock Exchange closed, restriction of cash payments at the banks began, and there was a premium on currency. This premium disappeared about October 20, and on November 1, in accordance with a Clearing House resolution of a week before, banks returned to their ordinary way of business. That is to say, in the panic of 1857 suspension of full cash payments at our banks continued for eight weeks; in 1873 between five and six.

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Still more instructive, perhaps, are the events of 1893, of which we have a more complete record. In that year, as to-day and in 1873, the currency premium was the key to the condition of the banks. In the nature of things, there can be no premium on currency, that is, no depreciation of checks, when banks are freely paying cash. Therefore, the beginning and the ending of that premium show exactly the period during which partial suspension of cash payments has existed. The premium on currency first appeared, in 1893, a day or two after the Stock Exchange panic of July 26. The first large consignment of foreign gold arrived on August 7; yet after that arrival, the currency premium rose to 4½ per cent., as against a maximum of 2 per cent. the week before. It continued alternately to rise and fall during several successive weeks. This meant that not enough gold had yet come to relieve the banks, or else that what had come had not yet been fully distributed. On September 2, there were practically no orders for currency at brokers' offices, and the few transactions made were at a nominal premium of ¼ and ½ per cent. That was the last quotation of a currency premium in 1893. As against the eight weeks' duration of suspension of payments in 1857, and something under six weeks in 1873, a little more than five weeks were required in 1893.

Were this last analogy to be exactly repeated, the currency premium of the panic of 1907, which was first bid and paid on November 2, would vanish at the end of the first week of next month, in response to complete resumption of payments by the banks. As a matter of fact, the predictions of experienced bankers, during the past few days, have fixed December 7 as the probable outside limit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Affaires de Norvège. Paris: Archives Diplomatiques.
Aikens, Charlotte A. Hospital Training-School Methods and the Head Nurse. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. \$1.50 net.
Berman, Henry. Gift Bearers. Grafton Press. \$1.50.
Booth, Edna Perry. The Shadow-Man and Other Poems. Grafton Press. \$1. net.
Brown, J. Wood. The Builders of Florence. Dutton. \$6 net.

Buckman, David Lear. Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River. Grafton Press. \$1.25 net.

Burns, James. The Christ Face in Art. Dutton. \$2 net.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications of. Vol. IX. Boston: Published by the Society.

Davies, Randall. English Society of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art. Dutton. \$2.

Dickens's Haunted Man.—Battle of Life. Dutton. \$1 each.

Dunn, Arthur William. The Community and the Citizen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.

Eaton, John. Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen. Longmans. \$2 net.

Forayth, P. T. Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. Armstrong. \$1.75 net.

Gates, Eleanor. Cupid: The Cow-Punch. McClure Co.

Gerhard, William Paul. Sanitation of Public Buildings. John Wiley & Son. \$1.50.

Goldin, H. E. First Year in Hebrew, with Exercises and Vocabularies. S. Drucker-man.

Greene's "Pandosto" or "Dorastus and Fawnia." Shakespeare Classics. Duffield.

Haile, Martin. James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. Dutton. \$4 net.

Hawley, Frederick Barnard. Enterprise and the Productive Progress. Putnams.

Heather to Golden Rod. Boston: Badger. \$1.

Holland, Clive. Old and New Japan. Dutton. \$5 net.

How, Frederick Douglas. The Book of the Child. Dutton. \$1.25 net.

Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists. Putnams.

Hutten, Bettina von. The Halo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Jones, Daniel. Phonetic Transcriptions of English Prose. Henry Frowde.

Jones, Jr., Thomas S. From Quiet Valley. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Brown-ing.

Kempis, Thomas A. Of the Imitation of Christ. Dutton. \$2 net.

Kipling, Rudyard. The Brushwood Boy.—Many Inventions.—Collected Verses. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Knowles, Robert E. The Dawn of Shanty Bay. Revell.

Kullnick, Max. Ein Lebensbild Theodore Roosevelt's. Berlin.

Laneham, Robert, Letter of. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. Duffield & Co.

Lewis, Arthur M. The Art of Lecturing. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 25 cents.

Lodge's "Rosalynde." Shakespeare Classics. Duffield.

Madoc, Willem. Renard the Fox. Boston: Badger. 50 cents.

Marble, Annie Russell. Heralds of American Literature. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50 net.

Martin, George Madden. Lectia: Nursery Corps, U. S. A. McClure Co.

Martin, Percy F. Mexico of the Twentieth Century. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3 net.

Massey, Gerald. Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World. Dutton. \$12 net.

Milton, Francis. Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre. Boston: Page.

Mitchell, Evelyn Groesbeck. Mosquito Life. Putnams.

Molmenti, Pompeo and Gustav Ludwig. The Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio. Translated by Robert H. Hobart Cust. Dutton. \$15 net.

Moore, Eleanor Agnes. Poems of Endowment on Realities of Life. Boston: Badger. \$1.50.

Okey, Thomas. The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk. Dutton. \$6 net.

Falgrave's Golden Treasury. Dutton. \$3 net.

Photograms of the Year, 1907. Tenant & Ward. \$1.

Ransome, Arthur. Bohemia in London. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2 net.

Rossi, L. Melano. The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico. Macmillan.

Rugh, Charles Edward, and others. Moral Training in the Public Schools. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Saleeby, C. W. The Conquest of Cancer. Stokes. \$1.75 net.

Sargent, A. J. Anglo-Chinese Commerce and Diplomacy. Henry Frowde. \$4.15.

Schumann, Robert. The Letters of. Edited by Karl Storck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. Dutton. \$3 net.

Shakespeare's Holinshed. Compared by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Duffield & Co.

Shakespeare's Youth: Rogues and Vagabonds of. Edited by Edward Viles and E. J. Furnivall. Duffield & Co.

Singleton, Esther. The Story of the White House. 2 vols. McClure Co. \$5 net.

Smith-DeRan, Edna. Verses by the Wayside. Boston: Badger. \$1.50.

Smith, Logan Pearsall. The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

Spyri, Johanna. Heidi. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.50 net.

Sterling, Sara Hawks. A Lady of King Arthur's Court. Philadelphia: Jacobs.

Todd, Charles Burr. In Olde New York. Grafton Press. \$1.50 net.

Under the Holly Bough. Compiled by Ina Russell Warren. Philadelphia: Jacobs.

Warren, Carro Frances. Little Betty Marigold and Her Friends. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Watson, John. The Scot of the Eighteenth Century. Armstrong. \$2 net.

Whiting, Anna Katharine. Glenwood. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Wister, Owen. The Seven Ages of Washington. Macmillan. \$2 net.

Wright, Mabel Osgood. Gray Lady and the Birds. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.

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